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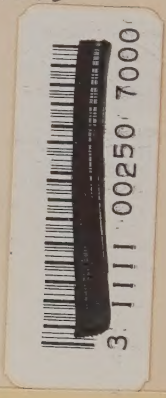

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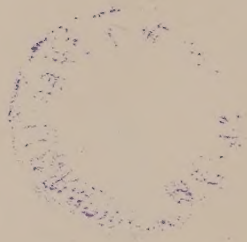

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Death of Prince Arthur

Booklovers Edition

King John

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study

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New York

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THE
LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

Preface.

The First Edition. *King John* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies the first place in the division of 'Histories.' The ten plays belonging to this series form as it were a great national Epic on the crises in English History from the reign of Richard II. to that of Richard III., with King John and Henry VIII. respectively as the Prologue and Epilogue of the whole. The Editors of the Folio were guided absolutely by chronological sequence in their arrangement of these plays: hence the place of *King John.*

Source of the Play. Shakespeare's *King John* is a recast of an older play entitled '*The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England,*' printed for the first time in 1591, and again in 1611 and 1622. It is significant that the title-page of the 1611 edition states that the play was '*written by W. Sh.*'; in the later edition boldly expanded to '*W. Shakespeare.*'* '*The Troublesome Raigne*' may safely be assigned to about the year 1589, with its pseudo-Marlowan lyrical note and classical frippery so common in the plays of the period, *e.g.*:—

> *"The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,*
> *Whistle in concert I am Richard's son:*

* *Cp. Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles,* ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Vols. 40, 41 (*Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library*; Nichols' *Six Old Plays,* etc.).

The bubbling murmur of the water's fall,
Records Philippus Regius filius:
Birds in their flight make music with their wings,
Filling the air with glory of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo, all
Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son." *

The old "two-sectioned" play may be described as the work of an imitator of Marlowe clinging to pre-Marlowan versification and diction and clownage.

It has many of the faults of the older Chronicle plays, as opposed to the Historical Dramas; chiefly noteworthy are:—(i.) there is no hero; (ii.) no one in whom one can take interest, except perhaps Faulconbridge; (iii.) its Anti-Romish spirit, which is at times harsh in the extreme; (iv.) the doggerel character of much of its dialogue. On the other hand, the old playwright's treatment of his materials shows considerable merit, and to him belongs the invention of Faulconbridge,† and his mother, his avoidance of Constance's re-marriages, important modifications in Holinshed's characters of Arthur, of Limoges, etc.; while the comic scene where the Bastard finds the nun locked up in the Prior's chest 'to hide her from lay men,' and then discovers 'Friar Lawrence' locked up in the ancient nun's chest, must, as

* '*The Troublesome Raigne*' must be carefully distinguished from Bale's '*Kynge Johan*' (about 1548, printed by the Camden Society, ed. by J. P. Collier), which holds an interesting place in the history of Bale's attempt to build a Protestant drama on the ruins of the Catholic Mystery (*cp.* Herford's *Literary Relations of England and Germany* in the xvi. cent., ch. iii.). Shakespeare had certainly never seen this play.

† Mr. Watkiss Lloyd suggested that some of Faulconbridge's characteristics were got from that *raptarius nequissimus* and bastard, Falco de Brenta,—or Foukes de Brent, as Holinshed calls him,—who though he was one of the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, yet gave him great help in his fight with his Barons, and backed his son against Lewis.

Dr. Furnivall puts it, have been very telling on the Elizabethan stage; "you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it." Finally, it must be mentioned that the patriotic tone of Shakespeare's play re-echoes the sentiment of his original: especially striking are the closing words of '*The Troublesome Raigne*' which have remained almost intact in the recast:—

> *"Thus England's peace begins in Henry's reign*
> *And bloody wars are closed with happy league,*
> *Let England live but true within itself,*
> *And all the world can never wrong her state.*
> *Lewis thou shalt be bravely shipped to France*
> *For never Frenchman got of English ground*
> *The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.*
> . . . . . .
> *If England's peers and people join in one,*
> *Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong."*

'King John' and 'The Troublesome Raigne.' In comparing the two plays we note the following more striking points:—(i.) Shakespeare has compressed the ten acts of his original into five,* though he only omits four entire scenes, and introduces but one new one (at the end of Act IV.): (ii.) there is hardly a single line in the two plays exactly alike; by a mere touch, the re-arrangement of the words, the omission of a monosyllable, and the like, Shakespeare has alchemized mere dross: (iii.) Shakespeare, for the most part, follows the older play in its treatment of historical fact,† but he departs therefrom noticeably in representing Arthur as a child: (iv.) certain characters of the play as well as striking incidents have been elaborated and refined, *e.g.*

* Much actually takes place in *The Troublesome Raigne* which Shakespeare merely speaks of, *e.g.* there is a scene in which the *five 'moons'* actually appear.

† Surprise is often expressed at the omission of all mention of the *Magna Charta* in Shakespeare's play, but it is due in the first instance to the author of *The Troublesome Raigne.*

Constance,* Hubert, Pandulph, and especially Faulconbridge, whose character Shakespeare has rendered consistent and ennobled; he makes him not merely the central character, but also a sort of Chorus of the play, giving vent to sentiments of truest patriotism, and enunciating the highest national interests,—an embodiment of the typical Englishman, plain, blunt, honest, and loyal: (v.) Shakespeare omits altogether the coarse comic scenes which, in the older play, detract from the dignity of the historical surroundings: (vi.) the two plays have the same fault in having no hero; John is not the hero of *King John.*

On the other hand, there are three points in Shakespeare's play not as clear as in the original:—(i.) Faulconbridge's hatred of Austria: (ii.) his anger at the betrothal of Blanch to the Dauphin: (iii.) the reason why the monk poisoned King John. The old play explains clearly (i.) that Austria had been cruel to Cœur-de-Lion: (ii.) that Blanch had previously been betrothed to Faulconbridge: (iii.) that John 'contemned' the Pope, and never loved a Friar; (*cp. Shakespeare as an adapter*, Edward Rose, Preface to *Troublesome Raigne*, Part i.; *Forewords to Troublesome Raigne*, Part ii., Dr. Furnivall; *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare*, Watkiss Lloyd; *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare*, Courtney; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare* (Longman, 1894, etc.).

* The famous scene of Constance's Lament (Act III. Sc. iv.) was evolved from the following crude original:—

> *"My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap:*
> *When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?*
> *Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.*
> *Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say*
> *She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy:*
> *Two words will serve, and then my tale is done—*
> *Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son."*

Similarly, the scene in which John suggests to Hubert his murderous design is based on a mere hint of the older play.

Date of Composition. *King John* is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). From internal evidence, it belongs to the same group as *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*, especially in the characteristic absence of prose. The large amount of rhyme in *Richard II.* makes it, in all probability, anterior to *King John.* The play may safely be dated *c.* 1595.

Duration of Action. The time of the play occupies seven days, with intervals comprising in all not more than three or four months. The historical time covers the whole of King John's reign.

Royal Arms of England in the time of John.

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Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. After the death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, the throne of England is seized by his brother John from the feeble grasp of their nephew Arthur, the rightful heir. King Philip of France supports the claims of Arthur, and menaces England with war; whereupon King John plans an invasion of France, and chooses as one of his generals a natural son of Cœur-de-Lion, whom he creates Sir Richard Plantagenet.

II. The English troops encounter the French forces before the city of Angiers—an English possession, which, however, refuses to open its gates to either king till the succession of the English throne be determined upon. The two sovereigns fight a battle without decisive result, and afterwards propose a treaty of peace. A niece of John is given in marriage to the French Dauphin. The treaty results in an acquisition of English territory on the part of Philip, who is thereby disaffected to the cause of Arthur.

III. King John refuses to bow to the authority of the Pope, and the latter excommunicates him. The papal legate incites Philip to break the treaty. War is resumed. The French are defeated in a general engagement, and Arthur is taken prisoner by his uncle, who gives secret orders that he be put to death.

IV. Upon the return of John to England, Hubert, a courtier, is instructed to burn out Arthur's eyes; but the young prince's entreaties so soften Hubert's heart

that he ventures to disobey the cruel mandate. Soon after Arthur attempts to escape from the castle where he is confined, by leaping from the battlements. The leap kills him, and his mangled body is found by some discontented nobles. They believe him to have been murdered by the King's command, and are confirmed in their purpose of deserting John and joining their strength with that of the Dauphin, who, armed with papal approval, is invading England.

V. The timid heart of John yields at this evidence of the Pope's wrath and power. He surrenders his authority to the papal legate, thinking thus to arrest the French invasion. But the Dauphin, urged by successes and claiming the English throne through his wife, continues to press forward. The English troops are mustered by Plantagenet, who valiantly battles with the French. The issue of the fray remains in doubt, each side having met with severe losses through outside and natural causes. The English nobles who had joined with the Dauphin now desert him, and he is disposed to terms of peace, which are willingly listened to by the enfeebled English. During the battle John has been removed in a state of illness to an abbey, where he is poisoned by a monk. Upon his death, his son Henry III. ascends the throne.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Philip the Bastard.

The character that bears the weight of the piece, as an acting play, is the illegitimate son of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Philip Faulconbridge. He is John Bull himself in the guise of a mediæval knight, equipped with great strength and a racy English humour, not the wit of a Mercutio, a gay Italianising cavalier, but the irre-

pressible ebullitions of rude health and blunt gaiety befitting an English Hercules. The scene in the first act, in which he appears along with his brother, who seeks to deprive him of his inheritance as a Faulconbridge on the ground of his alleged illegitimacy, and the subsequent scene with his mother, from whom he tries to wring the secret of his paternity, both appear in the old play; but in it everything that the Bastard says is in grim earnest—the embroidery of wit belongs to Shakespeare alone. It is he who has placed in Faulconbridge's mouth such sayings as this:—

> " Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:
> Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
> Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast."

And it is quite in Shakespeare's spirit when the son, after her confession, thus consoles his mother:—

> " Madam, I would not wish a better father.
> Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
> And so doth yours."

In later years, at a time when his outlook upon life was darkened, Shakespeare accounted for the villany of Edmund, in *King Lear*, and for his aloofness from anything like normal humanity, on the ground of his irregular birth; in the Bastard of this play, on the contrary, his aim was to present a picture of all that health, vigour, and full-blooded vitality which popular belief attributes to a " love-child."

Faulconbridge is at first full of youthful insolence, the true mediæval nobleman, who despises the burgess class simply as such. When the inhabitants of Angiers refuse to open their gates either to King John or to King Philip of France, who has espoused the cause of Arthur, the Bastard is so indignant at this peace-loving circumspection that he urges the kings to join their forces against the unlucky town, and cry truce to their feud

until the ramparts are levelled to the earth. But in the course of the action he ripens more and more, and displays ever greater and more estimable qualities—humanity, right-mindedness, and a fidelity to the King which does not interfere with generous freedom of speech towards him.

His method of expression is always highly imaginative, more so than that of the other male characters in the play. Even the most abstract ideas he personifies. Thus he talks (III. i.) of—

> "Old Time, the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time."

In the old play whole scenes are devoted to his execution of the task here allotted him of visiting the monasteries of England and lightening the abbots' bursting money-bags. Shakespeare has suppressed these ebullitions of an anti-Catholic fervour, which he did not share. On the other hand, he has endowed Faulconbridge with genuine moral superiority. At first he is only a cheery, fresh-natured, robust personality, who tramples upon all social conventions, phrases, and affectations; and indeed he preserves to the last something of that contempt for "cockered silken wantons" which Shakespeare afterwards elaborates so magnificently in Henry Percy. But there is real greatness in his attitude when, at the close of the play, he addresses the vacillating John in this manly strain (V. i.):—

> "Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
> Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
> Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
> Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
> Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
> That borrow their behaviours from the great,
> Grow great by your example, and put on
> The dauntless spirit of resolution."

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

John.

The king reigns neither by warrant of a just title, nor, like Bolingbroke, by warrant of the right of the strongest. He knows that his house is founded upon the sand; he knows that he has no justice of God and no virtue of man on which to rely. Therefore he assumes an air of authority and regal grandeur. But within all is rottenness and shame. Unlike the bold usurper Richard, John endeavours to turn away his eyes from facts of which he is yet aware; he dare not gaze into his own wretched and cowardly soul. When threatened by France with war, and now alone with his mother, John exclaims, making an effort to fortify his heart:—

> "Our strong possession and our right for us."

But Elinor, with a woman's courage and directness, forbids the unavailing self-deceit:—

> "Your strong possession much more than your right,
> Or else it must go wrong with you and me."

King Richard, when he would make away with the young princes, summons Tyrrel to his presence, and inquires, with cynical indifference to human sentiment:—

> "Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?"

and when Tyrrel accepts the commission, Richard, in a moment of undisguised exultation, breaks forth with "Thou sing'st sweet music!" John would inspire Hubert with his murderous purpose rather like some vague influence than like a personal will, obscurely as some pale mist works which creeps across the fields, and leaves blight behind it in the sunshine. He trembles lest he should have said too much; he trembles lest he should not have said enough; at last the nearer fear prevails, and the words "death," "a grave," form themselves upon his lips. Having touched a spring which will pro-

duce assassination, he furtively withdraws himself from the mechanism of crime. It suits the King's interest afterwards that Arthur should be living, and John adds to his crime the baseness of a miserable attempt by chicanery and timorous sophisms to transfer the responsibility of murder from himself to his instrument and accomplice. He would fain darken the eyes of his conscience and of his understanding.

The show of kingly strength and dignity in which John is clothed in the earlier scenes of the play must therefore be recognized (although Shakspere does not obtrude the fact) as no more than a poor pretence of true regal strength and honour. The fact, only hinted in these earlier scenes, becomes afterwards all the more impressive, when the time comes to show this dastard king, who had been so great in the barter of territory, in the sale of cities, in the sacrifice of love and marriage-truth to policy, now changing from pale to red in the presence of his own nobles, now vainly trying to tread back the path of crime, now incapable of enduring the physical suffering of the hour of death. Sensible that he is a king with no inward strength of justice or of virtue, John endeavours to buttress up his power with external supports; against the advice of his nobles he celebrates a second coronation, only forthwith to remove the crown from his head and place it in the hands of an Italian priest.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Constance.

We have seen that in the mother of Coriolanus, the principal qualities are exceeding pride, self-will, strong maternal affection, great power of imagination, and energy of temper. Precisely the same qualities enter into the mind of Constance of Bretagne; but in her these

qualities are so differently modified by circumstances and education, that not even in fancy do we think of instituting a comparison between the Gothic grandeur of Constance and the more severe and classical dignity of the Roman matron.

The scenes and circumstances with which Shakspeare has surrounded Constance, are strictly faithful to the old chronicles, and are as vividly as they are accurately represented. On the other hand, the hints on which the character has been constructed, are few and vague; but the portrait harmonizes so wonderfully with its historic background, and with all that later researches have discovered relative to the personal adventures of Constance, that I have not the slightest doubtful of its individual truth. The result of a life of strange vicissitude; the picture of a tameless will, and high passions, forever struggling in vain against a superior power; and the real situation of women in those chivalrous times, are placed before us in a few noble scenes. The manner in which Shakspeare has applied the scattered hints of history to the formation of the character, reminds us of that magician who collected the mangled limbs which had been dispersed up and down, reunited them into the human form, and reanimated them with the breathing and conscious spirit of life. . . .

Constance is certainly an historical personage; but the form which, when we meet it on the record of history, appears like a pale indistinct shadow, half melted into its obscure background, starts before us into a strange relief and palpable breathing reality upon the page of Shakspeare.

Whenever we think of Constance, it is in her maternal character. All the interest which she excites in the drama turns upon her situation as the mother of Arthur. Every circumstance in which she is placed, every sentiment she utters, has a reference to him; and she is represented through the whole of the scenes in which she

is engaged as alternately pleading for the rights and trembling for the existence of her son. . . .

But, while we contemplate the character of Constance, she assumes before us an individuality perfectly distinct from the circumstances around her. The action calls forth her maternal feelings, and places them in the most prominent point of view; but with Constance, as with a real human being, the maternal affections are a powerful instinct, modified by oher faculties, sentiments, and impulses, making up the individual character. We think of her as a mother, because, as a mother distracted for the loss of her son, she is immediately presented before us, and calls forth our sympathy and our tears; but we infer the rest of her character from what we see, as certainly and as completely as if we had known her whole course of life.

That which strikes us as the principal attribute of Constance is *power*—power of imagination, of will, passion, of affection, of pride; the moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest, is deficient; or rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical colouring, leaves the other qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine. The weakness of the woman, who by the very consciousness of that weakness is worked up to desperation and defiance, the fluctuations of temper and the bursts of sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, and the tears are all most true to feminine nature. The energy of Constance not being based upon strength of character, rises and falls with the tide of passion. Her haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is excited into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment; while neither from her towering pride nor her strength of intellect can she borrow patience to submit, or fortitude to en-

dure. It is, therefore, with perfect truth of nature, that Constance is first introduced as pleading for peace:—

> "Stay for an answer to your embassy,
> Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
> My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
> That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
> And then we shall repent each drop of blood
> That hot, rash haste so indirectly shed."

And that the same woman, when all her passions are roused by the sense of injury, should afterwards exclaim,

> "War, war! no peace! peace is to me a war!"

that she should be ambitious for her son, proud of his high birth and royal rights, and violent in defending them, is most natural; but I cannot agree with those who think that in the mind of Constance *ambition*—that is, the love of dominion for its own sake—is either a strong motive or a strong feeling; it could hardly be so where the natural impulses and the ideal power predominate in so high a degree. The vehemence with which she asserts the just and legal rights of her son is that of a fond mother and a proud-spirited woman, stung with the sense of injury, and herself a reigning sovereign, —by birth and right, if not in fact; yet when bereaved of her son, grief not only "fills the room up of her absent child," but seems to absorb every other faculty and feeling—even pride and anger. It is true that she exults over him as one whom nature and fortune had destined to be *great*, but in her distraction for his loss she thinks of him only as her "Pretty Arthur."

> "O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
> My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
> My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!"

No other feeling can be traced through the whole of her frantic scene; it is grief only—a mother's heart-rending, soul-absorbing grief—and nothing else. Not

even indignation or the desire of revenge interferes with its soleness and intensity. An ambitious woman would hardly have thus addressed the cold, wily Cardinal:—

> "And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
> That we shall see and know our friends in heaven," etc.

The bewildered pathos and poetry of this address could be natural in no woman who did not unite, like Constance, the most passionate sensibility with the most vivid imagination.

It is true that Queen Elinor calls her on one occasion "ambitious Constance"; but the epithet is rather the natural expression of Elinor's own fear and hatred than really applicable. Elinor, in whom age had subdued all passions but ambition, dreaded the mother of Arthur as her rival in power, and for that reason only opposed the claims of the son; but I conceive that in a woman yet in the prime of life, and endued with the peculiar disposition of Constance, the mere love of power would be too much modified by fancy and feeling to be called a *passion*.

In fact, it is not pride, nor temper, nor ambition, nor even maternal affection which in Constance gives the prevailing tone to the whole character; it is the predominance of imagination. I do not mean in the conception of the dramatic portrait, but in the temperament of the woman herself. In the poetical, fanciful, excitable cast of her mind, in the *excess* of the ideal power, tinging all her affections, exalting all her sentiments and thoughts, and animating the expression of both, Constance can only be compared to Juliet.

In the first place, it is through the power of imagination that when under the influence of excited temper, Constance is not a mere incensed woman; nor does she, in the style of Volumnia, "lament in anger, Juno-like," but rather like a sibyl in a fury. Her sarcasms come down like thunderbolts. In her famous address to Austria—

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"O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil! thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!" etc.

it is as if she had concentrated the burning spirit of scorn, and dashed it in his face; every word seems to blister where it falls. In the scolding scene between her and Queen Elinor, the laconic insolence of the latter is completely overborne by the torrent of bitter contumely which bursts from the lips of Constance, clothed in the most energetic, and often in the most figurative expressions. . . .

And in a very opposite mood, when struggling with the consciousness of her own helpless situation, the same susceptible and excitable fancy still predominates:—

"Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me:
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears.
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest
With my vexed spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day."

It is the power of imagination which gives so peculiar a tinge to the maternal tenderness of Constance; she not only loves her son with the fond instinct of a mother's affection, but she loves him with her poetical imagination, exults in his beauty and his royal birth, hangs over him with idolatry, and sees his infant brow already encircled with the diadem. Her proud spirit, her ardent enthusiastic fancy, and her energetic self-will, all combine with her maternal love to give it that tone and character which belongs to her only. . .

Constance, who is a majestic being, is majestic in her very frenzy. Majesty is also the characteristic of Hermione; but with a difference between *her* silent, lofty, uncomplaining despair, and the eloquent grief of Constance, whose wild lamentations, which come bursting

forth clothed in the grandest, the most poetical imagery, not only melt, but absolutely electrify us!

On the whole, it may be said that pride and maternal affection form the basis of the character of Constance, as it is exhibited to us; but that these passions, in an equal degree common to many human beings, assume their peculiar and individual tinge from an extraordinary development of intellect and fancy. It is the energy of passion which lends the character its concentrated power, as it is the prevalence of imagination throughout which dilates it into magnificence.

Some of the most splendid poetry to be met with in Shakspeare, may be found in the parts of Juliet and Constance; the most splendid, perhaps, excepting only the parts of Lear and Othello; and for the same reason, that Lear and Othello as men, and Juliet and Constance as women, are distinguished by the predominance of the same faculties—passion and imagination.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Arthur.

As Shakespeare used the allowable license of art in stretching the life of Constance beyond its actual date, that he might enrich his work with the eloquence of a mother's love; so he took a like freedom in making Arthur younger than he really was, that he might in larger measure pour in the sweetness of childish innocence and wit. At all events, we cannot in either case blame the fault, if it be one, the issue of it being so proper. And in Arthur he gained thereby the further advantage, that the sparing of his eyes is owing to his potency of tongue and the awful might of unresisting gentleness; whereas in actual history he is indebted for this to his strength of arm. The Arthur of the play is an artless, gentle, natural-hearted, but high-spirited and eloquent boy, in

whom we have the voice of nature pleading for nature's rights, unrestrained by pride of character or of place; who at first braves his uncle, because set on to do so by his mother, and afterwards fears him, yet knows not why, because his heart is too full of the holiness of youth to conceive how anything so treacherous and unnatural can be, as that which he fears. In his dying speech—"O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones"—our impression against John is most artfully heightened, all his foregoing inhumanity being, as it were, gathered and concentrated into an echo. Of the scene between him and Hubert, when he learns the order to put out his eyes, Hazlitt justly says: "If anything ever were penned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene." Yet even here the tender pathos of the loving and lovely boy is marred by artificial conceits and prettinesses which we cannot believe Shakespeare would have let fall in his best days. The Poet has several times thrown the sweet witchery of his genius into pictures of nursery life, bringing children upon the scene, and delighting us with their innocent archness and sweet-witted prattle, as in case of Hermione and Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale*, and of Lady Macduff and her son in *Macbeth*; but the part of Arthur is by far his most charming and powerful thing in that line. That his glorious, manly heart loved to make childhood its playmate, cannot be doubted.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Pandulph.

Pandulph, the legate, stands in group with the feudal princes like the representative of the adult fraud and heartlessness of priestcraft; the inheritor of high faculties cultivated to refined ill purposes from the old

Roman pontifices; the root of evil living among the ashes of the empire and springing up amongst and poisoning the better and unsophisticated tendencies of the northern nations, apprentices in civilization it is true but also novices in deceit. In his elaborate explaining away of perjury, his authorization by religious sanction of secret, treacherous murder and revolt, and in his cold-blooded complacency as he speculates on the certain murder of Arthur if dextrously provoked and the advantages to result to Holy Church therefrom, we have most striking contrast to the spirit of honour, of hatred of cruelty, and of compassion for the weak and afflicted, that characterizes the English Barons. The power of the natural affections over a rude nature is expressed most glowingly in the relenting of Hubert, but scarcely more touchingly than by the tears of Salisbury at the distress of Constance, or in his bitterness of heart at his false position as an enemy:—

> "Where honourable rescue and defence
> Calls out upon the name of Salisbury,"

and by the generous indignation of the barons, his companions, and of Faulconbridge no less, at the jeopardy and murder of Arthur. Formal religion is arrayed in the person of its official minister against the religion of humanity and sympathy; and the corruption of an artfully organized administration offends the spectator by assuming the honours and prerogatives of devotion and piety, when at war with all the feelings that by their essential qualities and in their own right are properly devout, moral and pious; and hence neither in falling off from their allegiance nor in returning to it do the barons admit the slightest weight, or even refer to the authority of Pandulph, a sign of the future which is quite as significant as the hankering of the kings and nobles after ecclesiastical hoards, which seconded the popular movement so efficiently at last.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Church and State.

As in *Coriolanus,* we have the antique state in conflict with its foundation, the family bond and its rights, so in *King John,* the centre of the action lies in the struggle between the mediæval state and its one basis, the church. As the latter was or pretended to be the ideal side of political life, and thus, as it were, the ethos, that is, the conscience of the state, this struggle is first of all reflected in John's own life and character; we have it exhibited in the perpetual conflict between his better self, which was naturally disposed to manly dignity, independence, and quick and resolute action, and his tendency to arbitrary proceedings, love of dominion and pretension, to caprice and passionate recklessness. Being in conflict with himself, his naturally discordant disposition degenerates into complete inconsistency and want of character. Hence, although he has even resorted to murder, he cannot maintain his tottering throne, either against Arthur's legitimate claims, or against the interferences of France and of the church. His own unjust title to the crown, his violence, and his inconsistent and arbitrary actions, his dispute with the church, and the intrigues of the latter, become the motives of France's breach of faith, of the ever-recurring contests from without, as well as of the internal dissensions of the kingdom. The relation between Church and State is the pulse of the whole historical action; John's dilemmas, his degradation and his death are its work, and the only means that it employs are that it contrives cleverly to make use of the illegitimacy attached to his crown, the weakness of his own character, and the want of strength in the feudal community, which again was the result of John's despotic rule.

However, this state of decay is manifested not only externally, in John's kingdom and his relation to the

barons and people, but also internally, and again not only in the State, for the Church itself is rotten to its inmost core; the policy of both is immoral, selfish and pretentious, and therefore loosened from its true foundation. The church, too, is desirous only of outward splendour, authority and power; it has entirely mistaken its own nature and its true vocation, and has fallen as low as the secular power, owing to its disloyal, intriguing actions, and its sophistic perversion of the fundamental laws of all morality.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VIII.

Lights and Shadows of the Play.

So long as John is the impersonator of England, of defiance to the foreigner, and opposition to the Pope, so long is he a hero. But he is bold outside only, only politically; inside, morally, he is a coward, sneak, and skunk. See how his nature comes out in the hints for the murder of Arthur, his turning on Hubert when he thinks the murder will bring evil to himself, and his imploring Falconbridge to deny it. His death ought, of course, dramatically to have followed from some act of his in the play, as revenge for the murder of Arthur, or his plundering the abbots or abbeys, or opposing the Pope. The author of *The Troublesome Raigne*, with a true instinct, made a monk murder John out of revenge for his anti-Papal patriotism. But Shakspere, unfortunately, set this story aside, though there was some warrant for it in Holinshed, and thus left a serious blot on his drama which it is impossible to remove. The character which to me stands foremost in *John* is Constance, with that most touching expression of grief for the son she had lost. Beside her cry, the tender pleading of Arthur for his life is heard, and both are backt by the rough voice of Falconbridge, who, Englishman-like,

deprecates his own motives at first, but is lifted by patriotism into a gallant soldier, while his deep moral nature shows itself in his heartfelt indignation at Arthur's supposed murder. The rhetoric of the earlier historical plays is kept up in *King John*, and also Shakspere's power of creating situations, which he had possesst from the first.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

The play marks the transition from the chronicle play to the true drama; in which incidents and characters are selected for their dramatic significance, a dramatic motive introduced, dramatic movement traced, and a climax reached. The older playwrights, dealing with the events of a whole reign, would have given the play an epical or narrative quality; Shakespeare selected, compressed, foreshortened, and grouped events and figures in such a way as to secure connected action, the development of character, and a final catastrophe which is impressive, if not intrinsically dramatic. He instinctively omitted certain coarse scenes which were in the older play; he brought into clear light and consistency certain characters which were roughly sketched in the earlier work; in the scene between Hubert and Arthur he struck a new note of tenderness and pathos; while in giving marked prominence to the humour of Faulconbridge he opened the way for that blending of comedy with tragedy and history which is one of the marks, not only of his maturity, but of his greatness. The play has no hero, and is not free from the faults of the long line of dramas from which it descended and to which it belongs, but Shakespeare's creative energy is distinctly at work in it.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist and Man.*

The Life and Death of King John.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, *son to the king.*
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.*
The Earl of PEMBROKE.
The Earl of ESSEX.
The Earl of SALISBURY.
The Lord BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*
PHILIP THE BASTARD, *his half-brother.*
JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*
PETER OF POMFRET, *a prophet.*

PHILIP, *king of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
Lymoges, Duke of AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate.*
MELUN, *a French lord.*
CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to King John.*

QUEEN ELINOR, *mother to King John.*
CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur.*
BLANCH of Spain, *niece to King John.*
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

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The Life and Death of

King John.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrowed majesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France,
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*
Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.
Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.

Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his bastard brother.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both
And were our father and this son like him,
O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him: nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!'—
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey book:
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:'
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere answer knows what question would,

Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,
It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give me leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,
There 's toys abroad: anon I 'll tell thee more.
[*Exit Gurney.*
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land:
Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my trangression to my charge:
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

France. Before Angiers.

Enter Austria and forces, drums, etc., on one side: on the other King Philip of France and his power: Lewis, Arthur, Constance and attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,

At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just commands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
[*Drum beats.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.
K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Lords, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.
K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off from the sequence of posterity,

Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I 'll smoke your skin-coat, as I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I 'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I 'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.
Arth. , Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her

And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter certain Citizens upon the walls.

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town.
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe

To him that owes it, namely this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town.
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace! no more.
Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we 'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.
Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,

Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers, severally.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who 's your king?

First Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I 'ld play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory,

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their rift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south:
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I 'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.

First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here 's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death

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Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,

Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,

Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we 'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who, having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peised well.
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,

This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The French King's Pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?

Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*Seats herself on the ground.*

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, the Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,

Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,

Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to thy foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully doth spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see:
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon for himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.

O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself
And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[*Exit Bastard.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.
Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I 'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:
I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. The French King's tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail

Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou are not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For, being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

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Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud,
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is not in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence.
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A room in a castle.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:

He is afraid of me and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'

Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beautous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with and think them strong;
And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

The rich advantage of good exercise.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?
[*Taking him apart.*

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I 'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,

That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-men,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!

Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood

Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before the castle.

Enter Arthur, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There 's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem.
Big. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword 's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Bast. Here 's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I 'll tell thee what;
Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I 'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said: forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsbury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march

Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears.
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Enter Pandulph.

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,

Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?

No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day

To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. 180
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here, 10
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends,
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king:
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight:
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

Scene V.

The French camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tottering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here: what news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords
By his persuasion are again fall'n off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What 's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, thou know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what 's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,

Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, and Bigot, carrying King John in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;

And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

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Glossary.

A' = he; I. i. 68.

Absey book, i.e. A B C book; a primer, which sometimes included a catechism; I. i. 196.

Abstract, epitome, summary; II. i. 101.

Adjunct, consequent; III. iii. 57.

Advantage, profit, interest; III. iii. 22.

Adverse, inimicable, hostile; IV. ii. 172.

Advice, deliberate consideration; III. iv. 11.

Advised, "well a.," considerate; III. i. 5.

Aery, eagle's brood; V. ii. 149.

Affecteth, resembleth; I. i. 86.

Affections, passions, feelings; V. ii. 41.

Affliction, afflicted one; III. iv. 36.

Aim; "cry a."; an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out *aim* when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers; II. i. 196.

Airy, dwelling in the air; III. ii. 2.

Amazed, bewildered; IV. ii. 137.

An; "an if"; *an* used to emphasize *if*; I. i. 138.

Anatomy, skeleton; III. iv. 40.

Angel; a gold coin of the value of ten shillings, with the figure of Michael and the dragon; II. i. 590; III. iii. 8; play upon "angel" and "noble" (value six shillings and eightpence); V. ii. 64.

Angerly, angrily; IV. i. 82.

Angiers, Angers, the capital of Anjou; II. i. 1.

Answer, face; V. vii. 60.

Answer'd, atoned; IV. ii. 89.

Apparent, plain, evident; IV. ii. 93.

Armado, fleet of war-ships; III. iv. 2.

Arms, heraldic device, IV. iii. 47.

Arms, "in arms," armed; III. i. 102; in embracement; III. i. 103.

Arras, embroidered hangings which covered the walls; IV. i. 2.

Articles, particular items in a writing or discourse; II. i. 111.

Artificer, artisan; IV. ii. 201.

Aspect, look, air; IV. ii. 72.

Assured, betrothed; II. i. 535.

At = by; V. ii. 75.

Ate (Folios, "Ace"), Goddess of Mischief; II. i. 63.
Avaunt, exclamation of contempt or abhorrence, away! begone! IV. iii. 77.
Aweless, unawed, fearless; I. i. 266.

Back, go back; V. ii. 78, 95.
Bank'd, sailed along the river-banks; V. ii. 104.
Bare-ribb'd, skeleton; V. ii. 177.
Bastinado, a sound beating; II. i. 463.
Bated, abated, diminished; V. iv. 53.
Battles, armies drawn up in battle array; IV. ii. 78.
Beadle; II. i. 188.

The Beadle to the University of Paris. From a painted glass window in the Paris National Library (*temp.* Francis I.).

Becks = beckons; III. iii. 13.
Become, adorn, grace; V. i. 55.
Bedlam, lunatic; II. i. 183.
Beguiled, cheated; III. i. 99.
Behalf; "in right and true b.," on behalf of the rightful and true claim; I. i. 7.
Behaviour, "in my b.," *i.e.* "in the tone and character which I here assume"; I. i. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 239.
Beldams, old women, hags; used contemptuously; IV. ii. 185.
Bent, directed, pointed; II. i. 37.
Bequeath, transfer; V. vii. 104.
Beshrew my soul, a mild oath; V. iv. 49.
Betime, quickly, before it is too late; IV. iii. 98.
Betters, superiors in rank; I. i. 156.
Bias, that which draws in a particular direction; preponderant activity; originally the weight of lead let into one side of a bowl in order to make it turn towards that side; II. i. 574.
Blood, "lusty blood," hasty, impetuous spirit; II. i. 461.

From a tract entitled *A Speedy Post, with a Packet of Letters and Compliments,* n.d.

Blood; "true b.," blood of the rightful heir; III. iv. 147.
Bloods, men of mettle; II. i. 278.
Blots, disfigurements; III. i. 45.
Blow a horn, etc.; I. i. 219.
Boisterous, rude, violent; IV. i. 95.
Borrowed, false, counterfeit; I. i. 4.
Bottoms, ships; II. i. 73. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From an illuminated MS. of XVth cent.

Bought and sold, betrayed; V. iv. 10.
Bounds, boundaries; III. i. 23.
Brabbler, quarreller, noisy fellow; V. ii. 162.
Brave, bravado, defiant speech; V. ii. 159.
Brave, defy; V. i. 70.
Breathes, takes breath; III. ii. 4.
Brief, short document; a legal term; II. i. 103.
Brief in hand, speedily to be dispatched; IV. iii. 158.
Broke out, escaped; V. vi. 24.
Broke with, opened my heart, communicated; IV. ii. 227.
Broker, agent; II. i. 568.
Brows, walls (used figuratively); II. i. 38.
Buss, kiss; III. iv. 35.
But, except, III. i. 92; but that, IV. i. 128; "but now" = just now, V. vii. 66.
By this light, a mild oath; I. i. 259.

Calf's-skin, a coat made of calf's-skin; the distinguishing garment of a fool; III. i. 129.
Call, a cry to entice birds to return; III. iv. 174.
Canker, corroding evil; V. ii. 14.
Canker'd, venomous, wicked; II. i. 194.
Capable of, susceptible to; III. i. 12.
Censured, judged; II. i. 328.
Chafed (the Folios, "cased"; Theobald's emendation), enraged; III. i. 259.
'Champion of our Church'; "the King of France was styled the Eldest son of the Church and the Most Christian King"; III. i. 267.
Chaps, jaws, the mouth; II. i. 352.
Chastised, severely punished; V. ii. 84.
Chatillon (Chatillion, in the Folios), quadrisyllabic; I. i. 30.

Check, control; an allusion to the game of chess; "the Queen of the chessboard was, in this country, invested with those remarkable powers that render her by far the most powerful piece in the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century (Staunton); II. i. 123.

Christendom, baptism, Christianity; IV. i. 16.

Churlish, rough, rude; II. i. 76; niggardly; II. i. 519.

Cincture (Pope's reading; Folios, "*center,*" perhaps = French *ceinture*), girdle; IV. iii. 155.

Circumstance, details; II. i. 7.

Clap up, join hands to ratify a compact; III. i. 235.

Clearly, completely; V. v. 7.

Climate, region of the sky; II. i. 344.

Clippeth about, embraceth; V. ii. 34.

Close, secret; IV. ii. 72.

Closely, secretly; IV. i. 133.

Closet, private apartment; IV. ii. 267.

Clouts; "a babe of c.," a doll made of pieces of cloth, a rag-doll; III. iv. 58.

Clutch, shut close; II. i. 589.

Cocker'd, pampered; V. i. 70.

Coil, ado, turmoil; II. i. 165.

Colbrand the Giant; a famous legendary giant, overthrown by Guy of Warwick before King Athelstan at Winchester (*cp.* Ballad of Guy and Colebrande, in Percy's *Reliques*); I. i. 225.

Coldly, calmly, tranquilly; II. i. 53.

Commandment on, command of, over; IV. ii. 92.

Commodity, profit, self-interest; II. i. 573.

Companies = company; IV. ii. 167.

Composition, compact; II. i. 561.

Compound, agree, settle; II. i. 281.

Compulsion, compelling circumstances; V. ii. 44.

Conceit, mental faculty, intelligence; III. iii. 50.

Concludes, settles the matter; I. i. 127.

Conduct, escort, guard; I. i. 29.

Confounded, destroyed; V. vii. 58.

Confusion, ruin, overthrow; II. i. 359.

Conjure, solemnly enjoin; IV. ii. 269.

Consequently, accordingly; IV. ii. 240.

Contemn'd, despised; V. ii. 13.

Control, constraint; I. i. 17.

Controlment, compulsion; I. i. 20.

Conversion, change to superior rank; I. i. 189.

Convertite, convert; V. i. 19.

Convicted, defeated, overpowered; III. iv. 2.

Coops, shuts up (for protection); II. i. 25.

Corruptibly, causing corruption; V. vii. 2.

Countries; "man of c.," traveller; I. i. 193.
Cousin, any kinsman or kinswoman not nearly related; III. i. 339.
Covetousness, eagerness, desire; IV. ii. 29.
Cracker, blusterer, braggart; II. i. 147.
Create, created; IV. i. 107.
Cross'd, thwarted; III. i. 91.
Cull, choose out, select; II. i. 40.
Customed, accustomed, customary, common; III. iv. 155.

Dead news, news of death; V. vii. 65.
Deafs = deafens; II. i. 147.
Dealt, acted; V. ii. 121.
Dear; "my d. offence," "the offence which has cost me dear"; I. i. 257.
Defy, despise, denounce; III. iv. 23.
Departed, parted; II. i. 563.
Device, "cut and ornaments of a garment"; I. i. 210.
Dim, "wanting the fresh aspect of life and health"; III. iv. 85.
Disallow of, refuse; I. i. 16.
Discontents, discontented spirits; IV. iii. 151.
Dishabited, dislodged; II. i. 220.
Dispiteous, pitiless; IV. i. 34.
Dispose, disposal; I. i. 263.
Disposed, managed, arranged; III. iv. 11.
Distemper'd, disturbed by the elements, III. iv. 154; angry, ill-humored; IV. iii. 21.
Doff, take off; III. i. 128.
Dogged, cruel; IV. i. 129; IV. iii. 149.
Dominations, dominion, sovereign power; II. i. 176.
Doubt, suspect, fear; IV. i. 19.
Doubtless, free from fear; IV. i. 130.
Down-trodden, trampled to the ground; II. i. 241.
Draw, draw out, lengthen; II. i. 103.
Drawn, drawn together; IV. ii. 118.
Drew, levied; V. ii. 113.
Dunghill; a term of contempt for a person meanly born (= "dunghill cur"); IV. iii. 87.
Dust, "a d.," a particle of dust; IV. i. 93.

Eat, eaten; I. i. 234.
Effect, import, tenour; IV. i. 38.
Embassy, message entrusted to an ambassador; I. i. 6, 22.
Embattailed, drawn up in battle order; IV. ii. 200.
Embounded, enclosed; IV. iii. 137.
Endamagement, injury, harm; II. i. 209.
Enforced, compelled; V. ii. 30.
Enfranchisement, release from prison, deliverance; IV. ii. 52.
Equity, justice; II. i. 241.
Even, exactly, just; III. i. 233.
Excommunicate = excommunicated; III. i. 173.

Exercise; "good exercise," education befitting a noble youth; IV. ii. 60.
Exhalation, meteor; III. iv. 153.
Expedient, expeditious, quick; II. i. 60.
Expire, come to an end, cease; V. iv. 36.
Extremes, acts of cruelty; IV. i. 108.

Fair, clearly, distinctly; IV. i. 37.
Fair fall, fair fortune befall; I. i. 78.
Fall from, desert; III. i. 320.
Fall'n off, deserted; V. v. 11.
Fantasied; "strangely f.," filled with strange fancies; IV. ii. 144.
Fashion'd; "so new a f. robe," a robe of so new a fashion; IV. ii. 27.
Fast and loose, a cheating game of gipsies and other vagrants, the drift of which was to encourage wagers, as to whether a knot was fast or loose; III. i. 242.
Fearful; "fearful action," gestures of fear; IV. ii. 191.
Feature, form, external appearance; IV. ii. 264.
Fell, fierce, cruel; III. iv. 40.
Fence, skill in fencing; II. i. 290.
Fetch about, turn, veer round; IV. ii. 24.
Field, battle-field; V. i. 55.
Fine, punishment, V. iv. 37, 38, end; with a play upon the two senses of the word.
Flats, low ground; V. vi. 40.
Fleet, pass away with rapidity; II. i. 285.
Flesh, "make fierce and eager for combat"; V. i. 71.
Fleshly land, land of flesh; IV. ii. 245.
Flood, ocean, sea; III. iv. 1.
Flout, scorn, mock; II. i. 373.
Fondly, foolishly; II. i. 258.
Footing; "upon the f. of our land," standing upon our own soil; V. i. 66.
For, because; II. i. 591.
Forage, prowl about like a lion in search of prey; V. i. 59.
For because = because; II. i. 588.
Forgo, give up, renounce; III. i. 207.
Forwearied, worn out, exhausted; II. i. 233.
Foster'd up, reared; V. ii. 75.
France, the King of France; I. i. 1.
From, away from, foreign; IV. iii. 151
Fulsome, nauseous, disgusting; III. iv. 32.

Gall, wound, hurt; IV. iii. 94, 95.
Gawds, toys, trifling ornaments; III. iii. 36.
Give off, take off, give up; V. i. 27.
Give away, permit to pass before us; I. i. 156.
Glister, glitter, shine; V. i. 54.

Gone, despatched, dead; III. iv. 163.
Good den, good evening; I. i. 185.
Goods, good, advantage; IV. ii. 64.
Gracious, full of grace, lovely; III. iv. 81.
Greens, grassy plains, meadows; II. i. 242.
Grossly, stupidly; III. i. 163, 168.
Guard, ornament; IV. ii. 10.

Half-faced groat; groats and half-groats with the profile or half-face of the King, were first struck in 1503; I. i. 94.

From a specimen of the time of Henry VII., who first minted these coins.

Halting, dilatory; V. ii. 174.
Handkercher = handkerchief IV. i. 42.
Harbourage, shelter; II. i. 234.
Harness'd, dressed in armour; V. ii. 132.
Hatch, half door; "take the h.," jump the half door; V. ii. 138.
Head of war, armed force; V. ii. 113.
Heat = heated; IV. i. 61.
Heinous, odious; III. iv. 90.
Hence, hereafter; V. iv. 29.
His=its; IV. iii. 32.
Hold, restrain; IV. ii. 82.
Hold hands with, is on terms of equality with; II. i. 494.
Holp, helped; I. i. 240.
Humorous, capricious; III. i. 119.
Humours, "unsettled h.," restless spirits; II. i. 66; whims; IV. ii. 209.
Hurly = hurly-burly; confusion, uproar; III. iv. 169.

Idly, casually, carelessly; IV. ii. 124.
Impeach, accuse; II. i. 116.
Importance, importunity; II. i. 7.
In = on; I. i. 99.
Indifferency, impartiality; II. i. 579.
Indigest, chaos; V. vii. 26.
Indirect, lawless, wrong; III. i. 275.
Indirection, wrong, dishonest practice; III. i. 276.
Indirectly, wrongfully; II. i. 49.
Industrious, zealous, laborious; II. i. 376.
Infant state, infant majesty, or, state that belongs to an infant; II. i. 97.
Infortunate, unfortunate; II. i. 178.
Ingrate, ungrateful; V. ii. 151.
Innocency, innocence; IV. iii. 110.
Inquire out, seek out; IV. iii. 115.
Intelligence, spies, informers; IV. ii. 116.
Interest to, claim to; V. ii. 89.

Interrogatories, a technical law-term; questions put to a witness which were to be answered with the solemnities of an oath; III. i. 147.

Invasive, invading; V. i. 69.

Lineal, hereditary, due by right of birth; II. i. 85.

List, listen, give ear; II. i. 468.

Litter, a couch for ladies and sick persons in travelling; V. iii. 16.

Illustration of a litter, from a drawing in the MS. *History of the Kings of France* (Royal 16 G 6), written early in XIVth century.

Inveterate, deep-rooted; V. ii. 14.

Joan, a common name for a woman among rustics; I. i. 184.

Joy, glad; III. iv. 107.

Lasting, everlasting, eternal; III. iv. 27.

Liable, subject, II. i. 490; fit, IV. ii. 226; allied, associated, V. ii. 101.

Lien = lain; IV. i. 50.

Lightning, "as l.," as swift as lightning; I. i. 24.

Like, likely, probable; III. iv. 49.

Limited, fixed, appointed; V. ii. 123.

Line, thicken, strengthen; IV. iii. 24.

Make up, hasten forward; III. ii. 5.

Manage, taking of measures, administration; I. i. 37.

Many carriages; V. vii. 90.

A Mediæval Carriage.

From the MS. of *Le Roman du Roy Meliadus* (end of XIVth century), formerly in the Roxburghe Library. The elegant form of the wheel is noteworthy.

Matter, material, fuel; V. ii. 85.

May, can; V. iv. 21.

Meagre, thin, lean; III. iv. 85.
Means, intends, purposes; III. iv. 119.
Measures, stately dances; here used for the music accompanying and regulating the motion of the dance; III. i. 304.
Might, could, were able; II. i. 325.
Minion, favourite; II. i. 392.
Mistempered = distempered, ill-tempered; V. i. 12.
Mistook, mistaken; III. i. 274.
Mocking, deriding, ridiculing; V. i. 72.
Modern, commonplace; III. iv. 42.
Module, mould, image; V. vii. 58.
Moe, more; V. iv. 17.
More, greater; II. i. 34.
Mortal, deadly; III. i. 259.
Motion, impulse; I. i. 212.
Mounting, aspiring; I. i. 206.
Mousing, worrying, tearing (as a cat does a mouse); II. i. 354.
Munition, materials for war; V. ii. 98.
Muse, marvel, wonder; III. i. 317.
Mutines, mutineers; II. i. 378.

New, lately; III. i. 233.
Nice; "makes nice of," is scrupulous about; III, iv. 138.
Nob, contemptuous, diminutive of Robert; I. i. 147.
No had, had I not? IV. ii. 207.
Note; "of note," noted, well known; IV. i. 121.
Noted, known; IV. ii. 21.

Occasion, necessity, cause, II. i. 82; "occasions," opportunities, IV. ii. 62; course of events, IV. ii. 125.
O'erbearing, bearing down, over-powering; III. iv. 9.
Of = from; III. iv. 55.
Offend, harm, hurt; IV. i. 132.
Offer, attempt; IV. ii. 94.
Opposite, contrary; III. i. 254.
Oppression; "our o." = oppression of us, our injury; III. i. 106.
Out-faced, supplanted, put down by arrogance and intimidation; II. i. 97.
Outlook, face down; V. ii. 115.
Outward eye; a metaphor derived from the game of bowls; the "eye of a bowl was the aperture on one side which contained the bias or weight"; II. i. 583.
Overbear, overrule; IV. ii. 37.
Owe, own; II. i. 109.

Painted, artificial, counterfeit; III. i. 105.
Parle, parley; II. i 205.
Pass, refuse; II. i. 258.
Passionate, full of lamentation; II. i. 544.
Pawns, pledges; V. ii. 141.
Peering o'er = overpeering, overflowing; III. i. 23.
Peevish, wayward; II. i. 402.
Peised, poised, balanced; II. i. 575.
Pencil, small brush used to lay on colours; III. i. 237.

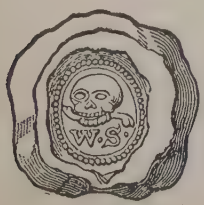
Peradventure, perhaps; V. vi. 31.
Peremptory, determined; II. i. 454.
Perfect, right, correct; V. vi. 6.
Philip sparrow; the popular name of the sparrow was Philip, suggested by its peculiar chirp (*cp.* Skelton's "*Boke of Phylyp Sparrowe*"); I. i. 231.
Picked, affected; I. i. 193.
Plots, positions; II. i. 40.
Possess'd with, informed of; IV. ii. 41.
Potents, potentates; II. i. 358.
Powers, armed force; III. iii. 70.
Practises, plots; IV. i. 20.
Prate, prattle; IV. i. 25.
Precedent, "original copy of a writing"; V. ii. 3.
Presages, prognostications; III. iv. 158.
Presence; "lord of thy p.," lord of only your fine person; I. i. 137.
Presently, immediately; V. vii. 86.
Princes = lords; V. vii. 97.
Private, private communication; IV. iii. 16.
Prodigiously, by the birth of a monster, III. i. 91.
Propertied, made a property or tool of; V. ii. 79.
Provoke, incite, instigate; IV. ii. 207.
Puissance, armed force; III. i. 339.
Pure, clear; V. vii. 2.
Purpled hands, hands stained with blood, like those of huntsmen, by cutting up the deer; II. i. 322.
Purpose; "had a p.," intention; V. i. 76.
Put o'er, refer; I. i. 62.
Pyrenean, the Pyrenees; I. i. 203.

Quantity, small portion; V. iv. 23.
Quarter; "keep good q.," guard carefully your posts; V. v. 20.
Quoted, noted, marked; IV. ii. 222.

Rage = rave; V. vii. 11.
Ramping, rampant; III. i. 122.
Rankness, fulness to overflowing; V. iv. 54.
Reason, it is reasonable; V. ii. 130.
Recreant, cowardly, faithless; III. i. 129.
Refuse, reject, disown; I. i. 127.
Regreet, greeting; III. i. 241.
Remembers, reminds; III. iv. 96.
Remembrance, memory (quadrisyllabic); V. ii. 2; V. vi. 12.
Remorse, compassion; II. i. 478.
Resolved, resolute; V. vi. 29.
Resolveth, melteth; V. iv. 25.
Respect, consideration, reflection; IV. ii. 214.
Respective, showing respect; I. i. 188.

Rest, quiet possession; IV. ii. 55.
Retire themselves = retire, retreat; V. iii. 13.
Revolts, deserters, rebels; V. ii. 151.
Rheum, moisture, here used for tears; III. i. 22.
Ribs, walls; II. i. 384.
Ripe, ripen; II. i. 472.
Rounded, whispered; II. i. 566.
Roundure, enclosure; II. i. 259.
Rub, obstacle, impediment; III. iv. 128.
Rumour, din, tumult; IV. ii. 45.

Safety, safe custody; IV. ii. 158.
Savagery, atrocity; IV. iii. 48.
Scamble = scramble, struggle; IV. iii. 146.
Scath, injury, damage; II. i. 75.
Scope of nature, natural effect (Pope, "*scape,*" *i.e.* freak); III. iv. 154.
Scroyles, scabby fellows, rascals; II. i. 373.
Seal to the indenture; II. i. 20. (*cp.* the annexed illustration of a seal attached to a deed of conveyance dated 1613.)



Secondary, subordinate; V. ii. 80.
Secure, free from care; IV. i. 130.
Semblance, appearance, disguise; IV. iii. 4.
Set, a term at cards, as well as at tennis; V. ii. 107.
Set forward, start on the journey; IV. iii. 19.
Shadow, reflection; II. i. 498.
Shadowing, shielding, protecting; II. i. 14.
Shall, must; V. ii. 78.
Shrewd, evil, bad; V. v. 14.
Shrouds, sail-ropes; V. vii. 53.
Sick service, service in sickness; IV. i. 52.
Sightless, unsightly, ugly; III. i. 45.
Sign'd, marked, branded; IV. ii. 222.
Set, close; V. vii. 51.
Skin-coat, i.e. lion's skin (taken from Richard); II. i. 139.
Smacks, savours; II. i. 396.
Smoke, thrash (a dialect word); II. i. 139.
So = if only; IV. i. 17.
Sole, alone, unique; IV. iii. 52.
Solemnity, marriage ceremony; II. i. 555.
Sooth, truth; IV. i. 29.
Soothest up, dost flatter ("up" used intensitively); III. i. 121.
Soul-fearing, soul-frightening, terrifying; II. i. 383.
Sound, give voice to proclaim; IV. ii. 48.
Souse, a term in falconry, to pounce upon; V. ii. 150.

Sped, succeeded; IV. ii. 141.
Spend, waste; V. ii. 39.
Spirit, monosyllabic; II. i. 232; V. i. 53.
Spleen, heat, passion; IV. iii. 97.
Spot, stain, disgrace; V. ii. 30.
Sprightful, full of spirit, high-spirited; IV. ii. 177.
Staff, lance; II. i. 318.
State, power, majesty; IV. ii. 243.
States, lords of high estate; II. i. 395.
Stay, a peremptory check, a command to stop; II. i. 455.
Still, continually; V. vii. 37.
Still and anon, now and again; IV. i. 47.
Straight, straightway; II. i. 149.
Strait, parsimonious, niggardly; V. vii. 42.
Stranger, foreign; V. i. 11.
Stumbling night, night which causes stumbling; V. v. 18.
Sudden, quick, hasty, IV. i. 27; unprepared, V. vi. 26.
Suggestions, temptations, incitements to evil-doing; III. i. 292.
Supernal, placed above, heavenly; II. i. 112.
Suspire, draw breath; III. iv. 80.
Swinged, thrashed, whipped; II. i. 288.

Table, tablet (on which a picture is painted); II. i. 503.
Take = make; III. i. 17.

'St. George that swinged the Dragon.' From an old black-letter ballad.

Tarre on, set on, incite; IV. i. 117.
Task (Theobald's correction of "*tast*" of the Folios), challenge, command; III. i. 148.
Taste, to act the part of taster, an officer whose duty it was to "take the assay" of each dish before it passed to his master; V. vi. 28.
Temporize, come to terms, compromise; V. ii. 125.
Territories, (probably) feudal dependencies; I. i. 10.
Then, than; IV. ii. 42.
Threats, threatens; III. i. 347.
Tickling, cajoling, flattering; II. i. 573.
Tides; "high t.," high days; III. i. 86.
Time's enemies, the enemies of the times, *i.e.* of the present state of affairs; IV. ii. 61.
Tithe, take a tithe; III. i. 154.
To, added to; I. i. 144.
Toasting-iron, an iron used for toasting cheese; used contemptuously of a sword; IV. iii. 99.

Toll, take toll, raise a tax; III. i. 154.

Tongue, alluding to the serpent's tongue, in which the venom was supposed to be secreted; III. i. 258.

Took it on his death, swore by the certainty of his death; I. i. 110.

Topful, full to the brim; III. iv. 180.

Tooth-pick; I. i. 190. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XVIth century specimen.

Tottering, tattered; V. v. 7.

Touch'd and tried, tested by the touchstone; III. i. 100.

Towers, rises in circles in flight; V. ii. 149.

Toys, idle fancies, follies; I. i. 232.

Trick, characteristic expression; I. i. 85.

True; "my t. defence," *i.e.* "the defence of my honesty"; IV. iii. 84.

Unadvised, without due thought, consideration, II. i. 45; rash, II. i. 191.

Unconstant = inconstant, unsteady, fickle; III. i. 243.

Under-bear, bear, endure; III. i. 65.

Underprop, support; V. ii. 99.

Under-wrought, undermined; II. i. 95.

Undeserved, not merited; IV. i. 108.

Unhair'd, (Theobald's emendation of "vn-heard," the reading of Folio 1) beardless; V. ii. 133.

Unmatchable, not able to be equalled; IV. iii. 52.

Unowed, unowned, left without an owner; IV. iii. 147.

Unreverend, disrespectful; I. i. 227.

Unruly, not submitting to rule; III. iv. 135.

Unsured, unstable, insecure; II. i. 471.

Unthread the rude eye, retrace the hazardous road (Theobald *"untread"*; but the metaphor is evidently derived from threading a needle); V. iv. 11.

Unurged, unsolicited, voluntary; V. ii. 10.

Unvex'd, not molested, not troubled; II. i. 253.

Up, used with intensive force; IV. iii. 133.

Upon, on the side of, I. i. 34; on account of, II. i. 597.

Vex'd, disquieted; III. i. 17.

Volquessen, the ancient country of the Velocasses, whose capital was Rouen; II. i. 527.
Voluntaries; volunteers; II. i. 567.

Waft—wafted, borne over the sea; II. i. 73.
Wait upon, attend; V. vii. 98.
Walks; "wildly w.," *i.e.* goes to confusion; IV. ii. 128.
Wall-eyed, glaring-eyed ("having an eye in which the iris is descoloured or wanting in colour"); IV. iii. 49.
Want, lack; IV. i. 99.
Wanton, one brought up in luxury, an effeminate boy; V. i. 70.
Wantonness, sportiveness; IV. i. 16.
Warn'd, summoned; II. i. 201.
Watchful; "the w. minutes to the hour," the minutes which are watchful to the hour; IV. i. 46.
Way, line of descent; V. vi. 11.
Weal, common-wealth, IV. ii. 65; welfare, IV. ii. 66.
Wear out, let come to an end; III. i. 110.
Weather, storm, tempest; IV. ii. 109.
What! an ejaculation of impatience; I. i. 245.
What though, what does it matter! I. i. 169.
What on, incite; III. iv. 181.
Whether (Folios "where"), monosyllabic; I. i. 75; II. i. 167.
Wilful-opposite, refractory, stubborn; V. ii. 124.
Wind up, furl together; V. ii. 73.
Winking, closed; II. i. 215.
With = by; II. i. 567; III. iv. 135.
Worship, honour, dignity; IV. iii. 72.
Wrested, taken by violence; IV. iii. 154.

Yet, as yet; II. i. 361.
Yon, yonder; III. iii. 60.
You = for you, in your interests; III. iv. 146.

Zeal, ardour, intense endeavour; II. i. 565.
Zounds; a corruption of "God's wounds"; a common oath; II. i. 466.

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Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 20. According to the Cambridge editors the line must probably be scanned as an Alexandrine, reading the first *'controlment'* in the time of a trisyllable and the second as a quadrisyllable. This seems very doubtful; the irregularity of the line is not remarkable; there is merely an extra syllable before the pause:—

Contról/ment fór/contrólment//so áns/wer Fránce./

I. i. 28. *'sullen presage of your own decay'*; there is perhaps an allusion here to the dismal passing-bell, as Steevens suggested; according to Delius, the trumpet of doom is alluded to. There is, however, no difficulty in the thought as it stands, without these references to a secondary idea.

I. i. 49. *'expedition's'*; first Folio, *expeditious*; an obvious misprint.

I. i. 54. *'Cœur-de-lion'*; *'Cordelion'* in the Folios and old play; perhaps the spelling should be kept as the popular form of the name.

'knighted in the field'; in *'The Troublesome Raigne'* he is knighted at the siege of Acon or Acre, by the title of Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Montbery.

I. i. 85. *'trick'*; it has been suggested that *'trick'* is used here in the heraldic sense of 'copy'; it would seem, however, to be used in a less definite sense.

I. i. 139. *'sir Robert's his,'* so the Folios; Theobald proposed *'sir Robert his,'* regarding *'his'* as the old genitive form; Vaughan, *'just sir Robert's shape'*; Schmidt takes the *''s his'* as a reduplicative possessive. Surely *'his'* is used substantively with that rollicking effect which is so characteristic of Faulconbridge. There is no need to explain the phrase as equivalent to 'his shape, which is also his father Sir Robert's'; 'sir Robert's his' = *'sir Robert's shape,' 'his'* emphasizing substantively the previous pronominal use of the word.

From an engraving by Fairholt.

I. i. 143. *'Look, where three-farthings goes'*; three-farthing pieces of silver were coined in 1561 (discontinued in 1582); they were very thin, and were distinguished from the silver pence by an impression of the queen's profile, with a rose behind her ear. (*Cp.* illustration.)

I. i. 147. *'I would not'*; Folio 1 reads *'It would not,'* probably a misprint, though Delius makes *'it'* refer to *'His face.'*

I. i. 234-5. *'eat his part upon Good-Friday'*; evidently a popular proverb, *cp.* Heywood's *Dialogue upon Proverbs*:—

'He may his part on Good Friday eat,
And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geat' (*i.e. get*).

I. i. 244. *'Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like'*; an allusion to the old play called *'Soliman and Perseda'* (printed 1599, written probably some ten years before); Piston the buffoon, representing the old Vice of the Morality Plays, jumps on the back of Basilisco, the bragging coward, and makes him take oath on his dagger:—

Bas. *'I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight, knight,—*
Pist. *'Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.'*
(*Cp.* Dodsley's *Old Plays, ed.* Hazlitt, *Vol. v.* 271-2.)

II. i. 2. *'that great forerunner of thy blood'*; Shakespeare, by some oversight, here makes Arthur directly descended from Richard.

II. i. 5. *'by this brave duke,'* so the old play. Richard was, however, slain by an arrow at the siege of Chaluz, some years after the Duke's death.

II. i. 64. *'her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain,' i.e.* her granddaughter; Blanch was the daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alphonso VIII., King of Castile.

II. i 65. *'of the king's deceased,' i.e. 'of the deceased king'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'king'*; but Folio 1, *'kings'* = *'king's'* is idiomatically correct.

II. i. 103. *'huge'*; Rowe read *'large,'* doubtless a misprint for *'huge'* restored by Capell.

II. i. 113. *'breast'*; Folio 1, *'beast.'*

II. i. 119. *'Excuse; it is,'* etc.; Malone's correction of the Folios, *'Excuse it is'*; Rowe (ed. 2) *'Excuse it, 'tis.'*

II. i. 137. *'of whom the proverb goes,' i.e. 'Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant'*; *cp.* Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, *'Hares may pull dead lions by the beard.'*

II. i. 144. *'Great Alcides' shows upon an ass'*; alluding to the skin of the Nemean lion won by Hercules. The Folios read *'shooes'*; the reading of the text was first proposed by Theobald.

II. i. 149. *'King Philip,'* etc.; the line is printed in the Folios as part of Austria's speech, with *'King Lewis'* instead of *'King Philip'*; the error was first corrected by Theobald.

II. i. 152. *'Anjou,'* Theobald's correction of *'Angiers'* of the Folios.

II. i. 156. *'Bretagne'*; Folios 1, 2, *'Britaine'*; Folio 3, *'Britain'*; Folio 4, *'Brittain.'*

II. i. 159. ll. 159 to 197 considered as spurious by Pope.

II. i. 160, 161. *'it,'* old form of possessive, so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'yt . . . it'*; Johnson, *'it' . . . it'*; Capell, *'it's . . . it's.'* In the Lancashire dialect *'hit'* is still common form of the possessive, an archaism used here in imitation of the language of the nursery.

II. i. 167. *'whether,'* monosyllabic; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'where'*; Folio 4, *'whe're.'*

II. i. 177. *'this is thy eld'st'*; Capell's emendation of the Folios, *'this is thy eldest'*; Fleay proposed *'this' thy eld'st'*; Ritson, *'thy eld'st,'* omitting *'this is.'*

II. i. 180. *'the canon of the law,' cp.* Exodus xx. 5.

II. i. 187. *'And with her plague; her sin his injury,'* etc.; the Folios, *'And with her plague her sin: his injury,'* etc. The punctuation adopted was first proposed by Mr. Roby, who explains the passage thus:—"God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her: God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin: all which (viz., her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child."

II. i. 196. *'aim'*; Folio 1, *'ayme'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'ay me'*; Rowe conjectured *'amen'*; Moberley, *'hem'*; Jackson, *'shame'*; Johnson, *'j'aime.'*

II. i. 215. *'Confronts your'*; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2,

'Comfort yours'; Folios 3, 4, *'Comfort your'*; Rowe suggested, *'Confront your'*; Collier, *'Come 'fore your.'*

II. i. 217. *'waist'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'waste'*; Folio 4, *'waistc'*; *'doth'*; the singular by attraction to the preceding word; Rowe, *'do.'*

II. i. 234. *'Crave,'* so Pope; Folios read *'Craues.'*

II. i. 259. *'roundure,'* so Capell; Folios read *'rounder'*; Singer, *'rondure.'*

II. i. 262. *'rude'*; Williams conjectured *'wide.'*

II. i. 323. *'Dyed'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'Dide'*; Folio 4, *'dy'd.'* Pope suggested *'Stain'd'*; Vaughan, *'Dipp'd.'*

II. i. 325. In the Folios 'the first citizen' is throughout named 'Hubert,' in all probability owing to the fact that the actor of the part of Hubert also took this minor character of the play.

II. i. 335. *'run,'* so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'rome'*; Malone reads, *'roam'*; Nicholson conjectured *'foam.'*

II. i. 353. *'fangs,'* Steevens' spelling for *'phangs'* of the Folios.

II. i. 358. *'equal potents'*; Collier reads *'equal potent'*; Delius, *'equal-potents'*; Dyce, *'equal-potent.'*

'fiery-kindled,' so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'fierie kindled'*; Pope, *'fiery-kindled'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'fire-ykindled'*; Lettsom conjectures *'fire-enkindled.'*

II. i. 371. *'King'd of our fears'*; the Folios, *'Kings of our fear'*; the excellent emendation adopted in the text was first proposed by Tyrwhitt.

II. i. 378. *'the mutines of Jerusalem,' i.e.* the mutineers of Jerusalem, evidently alluding to John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, the leaders of the opposing factions, who combined in order to resist the Roman attack. Shakespeare probably derived his knowledge from Peter Morwyng's translation (1558) of the spurious Josephus, the 'Joseppon,' as it is called: Josephus was first Englished in 1602.

II. i. 425. *'Dauphin,'* so Rowe; Folios, *'Dolphin'* (*passim*).

II. i. 584. *'aid'*; Collier (ed. 2, Mason's conjecture), *'aim.'*

III. i. 16-17. *'thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits,* etc.; Rowe's emendation of the punctuation of the Folios, *'jest . . . spirits.'*

III. i. 148. *'task,'* Theobald's correction of the Folios; Folios 1, 2, *'tast'*; Folios 3, 4, *'taste'*; Rowe conjectured *'tax.'*

III. i. 209. *'new untrimmed bride'*; so the Folios; Theobald, *'new and trimmed,'* or *'new untamed,' 'new betrimmed'*; Dyce,

'new uptrimmed.' Staunton was probably right when he suggested that *'untrimmed'* is descriptive of the bride with her hair hanging loose.

III. i. 259. *'chafed lion'*; Theobald's correction of the Folios, *'cased.'*

III. i. 280-4. In the First Folio the reading is:—

> *'But thou hast sworn against religion;*
> *By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,*
> *And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,*
> *Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure*
> *To swear, sweares only not to be forsworn.'*

In line 281 a plausible emendation is *'swar'st'* (='*swor'st'*) for the second *'swear'st.'* *'By what'*='in so far as'; lines 281, 282 are evidently parallel in sense; a slight obscurity may perhaps be cleared away by taking the first *'truth'* as used with a suggestion of the secondary meaning 'troth': lines 283, 284 are considered the crux of the passage, but possibly all difficulty is removed by placing a semi-colon after *'unsure,'* and rendering 'to swear' with the force of 'if a man swear.'

'Bell, book and candle.' From the stone-coffin lid of a XIIIth century priest, in the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury.

III. ii. 4. *'Philip'*; Theobald, *'Richard'*; the error was probably Shakespeare's; *'Philip'* was *'Sir Richard.'*

III. iii. 12. *'Bell, book and candle.'* (*Cp.* illustration.)

III. iii. 26. *'time,'* Pope's emendation for *'tune'* of the Folios.

III. iii. 39. *'Sound on into the drowsy ear of night'*; the Folios, *'race'*; Dyce and Staunton, *'ear'*; Bulloch, *'face,'* etc. Theobald suggested *'sound one unto,'* as plausible an emendation as so many of his excellent readings.

III. iii. 52. *'brooded watchful day'*; Pope's *'broad-ey'd,'* Mitford's *'broad and,'* and various emendations have been proposed, but *'brooded'*='having a brood to watch over,' hence *'brooding'*='sitting on brood.'

III. iii. 72. *'attend on you.'* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'to attend'*; Pope reads *'t' attend.'*

III. iv. 2. *'convicted,' i.e.* 'overcome'; there is perhaps a refer-

ence here to the Spanish Armada. Pope proposed '*collected*'; other suggestions have been '*convented*,' '*connected*,' '*combined*,' '*convexed*,' etc.

III. iv. 6. '*Is not Angiers lost?*' etc. Arthur was made prisoner at the capture of Mirabeau in 1202. Angiers was captured by John four years later.

III. iv. 44. '*not holy*,' so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*holy*'; Delius and Staunton (Steevens' conjecture) '*unholy*.'

III. iv. 64. '*friends*,' Rowe's emendation of '*fiends*' of the Folios.

III. iv. 98. '*Then have I reason to be fond of grief*,' Rowe's reading; Folios 1, 2, 3 read '*Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?*'; Folio 4, '*Then . . . grief?*'

III. iv. 110. '*world's taste*,' Pope's emendation of the Folios, '*words taste*'; Jackson's conjecture, '*word, state*.'

III. iv. 182. '*strong actions*,' so Folios 2, 3, 4. Folio 1 misprints '*strange actions*.'

IV. i. 92. '*mote*,' Steevens' emendation for '*moth*' of the Folios, a frequent spelling of the word.

IV. ii. 42. '*then lesser is my fear*,' so Folio 1; '*then*' a common spelling of 'than' in Elizabethan English; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*then less is my fear*'; Pope, '*the lesser is my fear*.'

IV. ii. 50. '*myself and them*' = (perhaps) '*myself and themselves*'; hence the ungrammatical '*them*.'

IV. ii. 65. '*than whereupon our weal*,' etc. The meaning of the passage seems to be, 'we ask for his liberty only in so far as the commonwealth (*i.e.*, '*our weal, on you depending*') counts it your welfare,' etc.

IV. ii. 117. '*care*'; it is impossible to determine whether the First Folio reads '*eare*' or '*care*'; the other Folios '*care*.' There is considerable doubt as to whether the first letter is Roman or Italic, and taking all the evidence into account it seems possible that '*care*' was corrected to '*eare*' in some copies of the First Folio.

IV. ii. 120. '*first of April*'; according to history, Eleanor died in 1204 in the month of July.

IV. ii. 123. '*Three days before*'; Constance died in reality three years, and not three days before, in August, 1201.

IV. ii. 147. '*a prophet*.' *i.e.* Peter of Pomfret (Pontefract).

IV. ii. 194. '*his iron did on the anvil cool*.' The annexed curi-

ous illustration of smiths at work is taken from an illuminated MS. of the XIVth century.

Mediæval Smiths (see note above).

IV. iii. 11. '*him*' = the Dauphin.

V. i. 8. '*counties*'; it is difficult to determine whether '*counties*' = (i.) 'counts,' *i.e.* 'the nobility,' or (ii.) 'the divisions of the country'; probably the former.

V. ii. 1. '*this*.' *i.e.* 'this compact with the English Lords.'

V. ii. 27. '*step after a stranger, march,*' so the Folios; Theobald '*stranger march,*' but the original reading seems preferable.

V. ii. 36. '*grapple,*' Pope's emendation of '*cripple*' of the Folios; Steevens conjectured '*gripple,*' Gould '*couple.*'

V. ii. 59. '*Full of warm blood,*' Heath's conjecture for '*Full warm of blood*' of the Folios.

V. ii. 64. '*an angel spake*'; '*angel*' used probably equivocally with a play upon 'angel' the gold coin, the quibble being suggested by the previous '*purse,*' '*nobles.*'

From a specimen of the time of Elizabeth.

V. ii. 105. (See next page).

V. ii. 133. '*unhair'd,*' Theobald's correction of Folios; Folio 1,

'unheard'; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'unheard'*; Keightly proposed *'unbeard.'*

V. iii. 8. *'Swinstead,'* so in *'The Troublesome Raigne'*; 'Swinstead' = Swineshead, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire.

V. iv. 15. *'He,' i.e.* the Dauphin; perhaps *'lords'* in the previous line is an error for *'lord.'*

V. iv. 24-5. *'even as a form of wax Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire,'* alluding to the images of wax used in witchcraft; as the figure melted before the fire, so the person it represented dwindled away.

V. iv. 60. *'Right in thine eye'*; it has been suggested that *'right'* is a misprint for *'riot'*; *'plight,' 'fight,' 'fright,'* etc., have been proposed: there is no reason at all for emending the word.

V. vi. 12. *'eyeless night,'* Theobald's emendation of the Folios, *'endless.'*

V. vii. 16. *'Leaves them invisible, and his siege'*; so Folio 1, the other Folios, *'and her siege'*; Pope, *'leaves them; invisible his siege'*; Hanmer, *'leaves them insensible; his siege'*; Steevens, *'invincible'*; etc.

V. vii. 21. *'cygnet'*; Rowe's correction of *'Symet'* of the Folios.

Have I not here the best cards for the game' (V. ii. 105).
From an illuminated MS. of the early XVth century. Perhaps the most ancient representation of the kind known.

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Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

15. *Thy nephew,* etc.:—As Richard I. died without lawful issue, the crown in the strict order of succession would have fallen to his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany, then in his twelfth year. But the crown was then partly elective, the nation choosing from the members of the royal family the one they thought fittest for the office. Arthur held the duchy of Brittany in right of his father, Geffrey Plantagenet, an elder brother of John. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, the ancient patrimony of the house of Anjou, were his by hereditary right. As Duke of Brittany Arthur was a vassal of Philip Augustus, King of France; and Constance engaged to Philip that her son should do him homage also for Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poictou, on condition that Philip should support his claim to the English crown. England having declared for John, the play opens with Philip's interference in behalf of Arthur.

26. *The thunder of my cannon*:—The Poet here antedates the use of gunpowder by over a hundred years. So again, in II. i. 227, he speaks of *bullets wrapp'd in fire.* A similar anachronism occurs in *Macbeth,* I. ii. 37: "*Cannons* overcharged with double cracks." John's reign began in 1199, and cannon are said to have been first used at the battle of Cressy in 1346. In all such cases Shakespeare simply aimed to speak the language that was most

intelligible to his audience, rendering the ancient engines of war by their modern equivalents. Of course he has been found fault with by those who in a drama prefer chronological accuracy to dramatic effect.

31 *et seq.* Elinor's hostility to Constance is thus accounted for by Holinshed: "Surely Queen Elinor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw if he were king how his mother Constance would look to bear most rule within the realm of England, till her son should come to lawful age to govern of himself."

49. [*Enter . . . bastard brother.*] We have already seen that Richard I. died without lawful issue. Holinshed, speaking of the first year of John's reign, says: "The same year also, Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coynack, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell." The old play furnished Shakespeare a slight hint towards the character:—

> "Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
> A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous."

88. *the large composition of this man?*—"This expression," says Clarke, "finely brings to the eye those magnificent proportions of manly strength that characterized Richard I., and which helped to make him the heroic ideal of English hearts."

113-117. *Full fourteen,* etc.:—Wilkes says: "Lord Campbell, in his review of the play of *King John*, expresses himself somewhat disappointed that he has not found more, of what he calls *legalisms* in Shakespeare's dramas, founded upon English history. He accounts for this paucity of legal reference, however, by the fact that 'our great dramatist,' has in these histories 'worked upon the foundations already laid by other men, who had no technical knowledge.' 'Yet,' he continues, 'we find in several of the "Histories" Shakespeare's fondness for law terms; and it is still remarkable, that, whenever he indulges this propensity, he uniformly lays down good law.' His lordship gives as a strong illustration of this fact, the decision by King John, between Hubert and Philip Faulconbridge upon the question of bastardy pleaded by the younger brother, against Philip, who, however, like Shake-

speare's eldest daughter, Susanna, had made his appearance after the nuptials of parents, 'Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.' The King legally decides that Philip is legitimate, and is therefore his father's lawful heir, because his 'father's wife did *after* wedlock bear him.' So far, however, from receiving this as a substantial evidence of Shakespeare's law learning, it seems to me to evince no more legal knowledge than ought to be expected from any well-educated youth of twenty-one."

137. *Lord of thy presence,* etc.:—That is, the possessor of thy own dignified and manly person, inherited from thy great progenitor. Perhaps the idea is also implied of mastery of himself, of his own identity. In Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful poem *The Happy Man,* we have expressions resembling these:—

> "Lord of himself, though not of lands,
> And having nothing, yet hath all."

162. *Plantagenet* was not the original name of the house of Anjou, but a nickname bestowed upon a member of the family, from his wearing a stalk of the broom-plant (*planta genista*) in his bonnet.

189, 190. *your traveller,* etc.:—It is said in *All's Well that Ends Well,* II. v. 28, 29, that "A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a travelled man who affected foreign fashions. *At my worship's mess* means at that part of the table where I, as a *knight,* shall be placed. *Your worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakespeare's time, as *your honour* was to a lord.

207, 208. *For he is,* etc.:—That is, he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show, by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has travelled and made observations in foreign countries.

231. *Good leave, good Philip*:—"For an instance of Shakespeare's power *in minimis,*" observes Coleridge, "I generally quote James Gurney's character in *King John.* How individual and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life!" "They certainly suffice to show us," adds Clarke, "the free-and-easy style of the confidential servitor; one intrusted with the family secrets of this country household; one accustomed to

treat the eldest son, but not the heir, with a coolly easy familiarity tolerated by the good-humoured young man, and only lightly waved aside by the new-made knight."

268. *He that perforce,* etc.:—Rastall's *Chronicle* gives a good explanation of this: "It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beynge in prison, to have devoured him; and, when the lyon was gapynge, he put his arm in his mouthe, and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the lyon; and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon: but some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake." See Percy's *Reliques* for a metrical form of the story.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

12. *God shall forgive you,* etc.:—Clarke thinks that in making Arthur of younger age at this period than historical truth warrants, "Shakespeare well knew that the truth of tragic story would be more perfectly fulfilled by having a child the subject of injury here. The way," continues Clarke, "in which he has drawn the innocent boy throughout is intensely pathetic—a sweet and gentle nature hurled to and fro like a flower amid tempests; bruised, wounded, and finally crushed by the stormy passions and ruthless ambitions of the merciless natures around him. That the dramatist has nowise violated natural and characteristic truth, by making the little prince speak with a grace and propriety beyond those generally belonging to children of his age, we have confirmatory evidence in a record made by Froissart in his *Chronicles*, where he describes the conduct of the Princess of France, then 'a yonge childe of eyght yere of age.'"

19, 20. Wilkes tells us that a "legal illustration which Lord Campbell gives is found within the lines spoken by the Duke of Austria, upon giving his pledge to support the title of Prince Arthur against King John:—

> 'Upon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiss,
> *As seal to this indenture of my love.*'

Lord Campbell regards this as a purely legal metaphor, which might come naturally from an attorney's clerk, who had often

been an attesting witness to the execution of deeds. I quite agree," says Wilkes, "with his lordship in this view, but the expression might just as naturally have come from any intelligent merchant or poetaster of the time."

32. *O, take his mother's thanks*:—"My idea of Constance," says Mrs. Siddons, "is that of a lofty and proud spirit, associated with the most exquisite feelings of maternal tenderness, which is, in truth, the predominant feature of this interesting personage. The sentiments which she expresses, in the dialogue between herself, the King of France, and the Duke of Austria, at the commencement of the second Act of this tragedy, very strongly evince the amiable traits of a humane disposition and of a grateful heart."

50, 51. *A wonder, lady!* etc.:—"The wonder," according to Johnson, "is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good."

131. *if thou wert his mother*:—Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis VII., when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he divorced her. She was afterwards (1151) married to King Henry II.

134. *Hear the crier*:—Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence* made by criers in the courts of justice. The Bastard is sarcastic and badgers Austria.

136. *An a' may catch your hide,* etc.:—The lion's skin was part of the spoil which the old play represented the Archduke of Austria as having taken from Richard I. Of course the Archduke wore it in honour of his exploit in killing Richard.

289. *Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door*:—It will, of course, be understood that pictures of St. George armed and mounted, as when he overthrew the Dragon, were used as innkeepers' signs. Nothing could be more spiritedly characteristic of the speaker than his thus running his favourite warcry into a humorous allusion. Knight points out a similar passage in Sir Walter Scott, where Callum Beg compares Waverley to "the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's."

321-323. It was anciently the practice of the chase for the huntsmen to stain their hands with the blood of the deer as a

trophy. Shakespeare alludes to the practice again in *Julius Cæsar*, III. i. 204-206:—

> "Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
> Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
> Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe."

423, 424. *That daughter there*, etc.:—The Lady Blanch was daughter to Alphonso IX., king of Castile, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.

533. *young princes, close your hands*:—This marriage treaty is thus narrated by Holinshed: "So King John returned from York, and sailed again into Normandy, because the variance still depended between him and the King of France. Finally, upon the Ascension-day in this second year of his reign, they came eftsoons to a communication betwixt the towns of Vernon and Lisle Dandelie, where they concluded an agreement, with marriage to be had betwixt Lewis, the son of King Philip, and the lady Blanch, daughter to Alfonso King of Castile, the eighth of that name, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor." It was further stipulated that "the foresaid Blanch should be conveyed into France to her husband, with all speed"; which infers that she was not personally consenting to the treaty.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Enter Constance.*] Mrs. Siddons has left us a fine commentary on the character of Constance, of which the following passages may fitly be cited here: "The ideas one naturally adopts of her qualities and appearance are, that she is noble in mind, and commanding in person and demeanour; that her countenance was capable of all the varieties of grand and tender expression, often agonized, though never distorted by the vehemence of her agitations. Her voice, too, must have been 'propertied like the tuned spheres,' obedient to all the softest inflections of maternal love, to all the pathos of the most exquisite sensibility, to the sudden burst of heartrending sorrow, and to the terrifying imprecations of indignant majesty, when writhing under the miseries inflicted on her by her dastardly oppressors and treacherous allies. The actress whose lot it is to personate this great character should be

richly endowed by nature for its various requirements; yet, even when thus fortunately gifted, much, very much, remains to be effected by herself; for in the performance of the part of Constance great difficulties, both mental and physical, present themselves. And perhaps the greatest of the former class is that of imperiously holding the mind reined in to the immediate perception of those calamitous circumstances which take place during the course of her sadly eventful history. The necessity for this severe abstraction will sufficiently appear, when we remember that all those calamitous events occur while she herself is absent from the stage; so that this power is indispensable for that reason alone, were there no other to be assigned for it. Because, if the representative of Constance shall ever forget, even behind the scenes, those disastrous events which impel her to break forth into the overwhelming effusions of wounded friendship, disappointed ambition, and maternal tenderness, upon the first moment of her appearance in the third Act, when, stunned with terrible surprise, she exclaims:—

> 'Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
> False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!'—

if, I say, the mind of the actress for one moment wanders from these distressing events, she must inevitably fall short of that high and glorious colouring which is indispensable to the painting of this magnificent portrait."

12. *capable*:—So in *Hamlet*, III. iv. 126, 127. "His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, would make them *capable*."

23. *Like a proud river*, etc.:—This seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603: "Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins *like a proud river overflow their bounds!*"

42. *I do beseech you*, etc.:—Clarke here has this discerning comment: "The boy's artless appeals to his mother amidst her vehement indignation and passionate lamentation, a compound of maternal ambition and maternal love, should have sufficed to teach her heart the lesson so subtly inculcated by the Poet, that ambitious projects indulged for the sake of a being beloved, until they merge affection in violence and absorbing purpose, gradually undermine love in the bosom of the one beloved. It is curious to observe how little of tenderness there is in Arthur towards his mother, as response to all the passionate (but vehemently and

even violently passionate) love she lavishes upon him. Thus acutely and truly does Shakespeare indicate his moral lessons."

69. *For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop*:—The meaning seems to be, that *grief* is so *proud* that even in receiving the homage of kings its *owner stoops*, or condescends. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read *stout*, and has been followed by many editors. Dr. Johnson thus comments on the passage: "*In Much Ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that injure, and those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions."

92. *But on this day let seamen fear no wreck*:—In the old almanacs the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains were distinguished among a number of particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623: "By the almanack, I think to choose good days and shun the critical." So in *Macbeth*, IV. i. 33, 34: "Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar."

107. *Arm, arm, you heavens*, etc.:—"This grandly wild appeal of an outraged mother," declares Clarke, "has its sublime parallel in that of the outraged father, Lear; where he invokes the heavens to make his cause their own, because themselves are old. Shakespeare never repeats himself; but he has some few of these exceptional similitudes, where Nature herself has them, in the rareness of extreme crises of passion."

129. *hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs*:—It is probable, as Ritson observes, that she means to call him a coward; she tells him that a calf's-skin would suit his recreant limbs better than a lion's.

133. The following lines from the old play explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:—

Aust. Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,
Should be a precedent to fright you all.
Faulc. What words are these? How do my sinews shake!

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
How doth Alceto whisper in my ears,
Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;
Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long.

147. 148. *What earthly name*, etc.:—What earthly name *subjoined* to interrogatories can force a king to *speak* and answer them?

Scene II.

2. *airy devil*:—In Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication*, 1592, we find the following passage: "The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone."

Scene III.

12. *Bell, book, and candle*:—The order of the horrible ceremony here referred to, as given by Fox and Strype, was for the bishop, and clergy, and all the several sorts of friars in the cathedral, to go into the Church, with the cross borne before them, and several wax tapers lighted. A priest, all in white, then mounted the pulpit, and began the denunciation. At the climax of the cursing each taper was extinguished, with the prayer that the souls of the excommunicate might be "given over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quench'd and put out." Thus described, also, in Bale's *Pageant*:—

"For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell, and candle:
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace:
As this boke does speare by my worke mannual,
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all:

As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,
I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght:
I take hym from Crist, and after the sownd of this bell,
Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell."

73. *On toward Calais, ho!*—John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to Falaise in Normandy, where he was for a time confined. Thence he was removed to Rouen and there either died or was put to death by the agents of John.

Scene IV.

23. *No, I defy all counsel, all redress*:—Says Mrs. Siddons: "I believe I shall not be thought singular when I assert that, though she has been designated the ambitious Constance, she has been ambitious only for her son. It was for him, and him alone, that she aspired to, and struggled for, hereditary sovereignty. For example, you find that, from that fatal moment when he is separated from her, not one regret for lost regal power or splendour ever escapes from her lips; no, not one idea does she from that instant utter which does not unanswerably prove that all other considerations are annihilated in the grievous recollections of motherly love. That scene (III. iv.), I think, must determine that maternal tenderness is the predominant feature of her character. Her gorgeous affliction, if such an expression is allowable, is of so sublime and so intense a character that the personation of its grandeur, with the utterance of its rapid and astonishing eloquence, almost overwhelms the mind that meditates its realization, and utterly exhausts the frame which endeavours to express its agitations."

37. *No, no, I will not, having breath to cry*:—"The feminine style," remarks Weiss, "is shown in Constance with great discrimination. Both sexes can hate injustice, and may be opposed to compromises. Both can have indignation for a crime. But see how Constance puts into these moral feelings a scorn and a swiftness of dissent, urged by a volubility more native to a woman than to a man. Woman is apt, indeed, to be too voluble: each minute of her phrases breeds new ones; so she does not stop to notice that her indictment is shorter than her breath. Therefore men are apt to notice and to complain that her indictment does not reach up to the tide-mark of her breath. But the invective of Constance is the swift weapon-play of maternity: it flashes

through every guard, touches rapidly to and fro, and draws blood at every unexpected touch."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

[*A room in a castle.*] In the original the stage direction is merely, *Enter Hubert and Executioners.* Northampton is usually set down as the place of the scene. The scene certainly lies somewhere in England, and in the time of John Northampton was in fact honoured with the royal residence. But White makes the scene Canterbury, and has the following note: "Arthur was imprisoned first at Falaise and afterward at Rouen in France; but the scene has plainly been changed to England, as it is also in the old *King John.* Hitherto this Act has been located at Northampton 'merely' in the words of Malone, 'because in the first Act King John seems to have been in that town.' But King John's whereabout, which is also Arthur's as far as the play is concerned (for Hubert passes quickly from one to the other), is determined by the fact that the coronation spoken of in the next Scene as having just taken place (in the old play it takes place before the audience), and which is immediately followed by Arthur's death, is the last of the four by which John sought to prop his tottering title. This ceremony, as well as its predecessor, took place at Canterbury, where are still visible the remains of a castle of the Norman period, in which Arthur may be supposed to have been confined, if we must consider the material probabilities. If, then, Northampton be an acceptable locality, because, as Collier remarks, 'it will answer the purpose as well as any other,' Canterbury is preferable because it will answer the purpose better than any other."

15, 16. *Young gentlemen . . . wantonness*:—This is a satirical glance at the fashionable affectation of the time. Lyly also ridicules it in his *Midas*: "Now every base companion, being in his *muble-fubles,* says he is *melancholy.*"

58. *I have sworn to do it*:—The following dialogue is in *The Troublesome Raigne,* Sc. xii.:—

Hubert. My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund.

Arthur. Yet God commands, whose power reacheth further.
That no commaund should stand in force to murther.
Hubert. But that same Essence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.
Arthur. I plead not guiltie, treasonles and free.
Hubert. But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.
Arthur. Why, thou art he that maist omit the perill.
Hubert. I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.
Arthur. His quarrell is vnhallowed false and wrong.
Hubert. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.
Arthur. Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.
Hubert. Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.
Arthur. Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.
Hubert. My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes vp more griefe, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolude I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so.

134. *Much danger do I undergo for thee*:—Holinshed gives the following account of the matter of this Scene: "It was reported that King John appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes. But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command, (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein,) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to have thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as would have redounded to his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal." It should be observed that Arthur was then fifteen years old.

Scene II.

4. *once superfluous*:—That is, once more than enough. It should be remembered that King John was now crowned for the fourth time.

29. *confound their skill in covetousness*:—Bacon likewise attributes the failures of certain men to the love, not of *excellence*, but of *excelling*. The text is a fine commentary on the elaborate artificialness which springs far more from ambition than from inspiration.

85. *He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night*:—Here again we quote from Holinshed, who, after telling how Hubert spared to do the king's order, goes on thus: "Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Bretons, he caused it to be bruited abroad through the country, that the king's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals."

147-152. *a prophet . . . crown*:—This prophet, Peter of Pomfret, was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. Speed says that Peter was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this purpose. The Poet here brings together matters that were in fact separated by an interval of some years. The event in question took place in 1213, and is thus delivered by the chronicler: "There was this season an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because that, either inspired with some spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. . . . This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. . . . One cause, and that not the least, which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner."

182-184. *five moons*, etc.:—Thus in Holinshed: "About the

month of December, there were seen in the province of York five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the middest of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times incompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away."

231 *et seq.* "There are," says Johnson, "many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsis recessibus mentis,* from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *express* words would have *struck him dumb*: nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges."

260. *Doth Arthur live?*—Holinshed thus continues the story of Hubert's doings touching the prince: "When the Bretons were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again, that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup."

Scene III.

10. *Heaven take my soul,* etc.:—The old chroniclers gave various accounts of Arthur's death, of which Shakespeare took the least offensive. Matthew Paris relating the event uses the word *evanuit*; and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat

during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned. Holinshed's statement of the matter is very affecting. "Touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless, certain it is that in the year next ensuing he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Rouen, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written, that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away, and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days, but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth."

147. *The unowed interest*, etc.:—"In this hour of ripened moral perception," says Clarke, "the speaker suffers himself to confess that the only rightful possessor of England is gone, and that John is but possessor by tenure of usurpation and wrong; nevertheless, Philip's sense of fidelity and personal gratitude to the present occupier of the throne will not let him abandon him or his cause, especially now that they are in jeopardy and peril."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene II.

44. *Between compulsion and a brave respect!*—This *compulsion* refers to Salisbury's *enforced cause* (line 30), the reform in the state, which, in Salisbury's opinion, could only be procured by foreign arms. The *brave respect* is the honourable motive or patriotic regard.

89. *interest to*:—This was the phraseology of the time. So in 1 *Henry IV.*, III. ii. 98, 99:—

> "He hath more worthy interest *to* the state
> Than thou the shadow of succession."

And in Dugdale's *Warwickshire*: "He hath a release from Rose . . . of all her interest *to* the manor of Pedimore."

Scene IV.

7 et seq. [*Melun.*] The chronicler tells the following story of this Melun upon the authority of Matthew Paris: "The Viscount of Melune, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and, perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: 'I lament, saith he, your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn, if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king, that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility, which now do serve him, and persecute their own king, as traitors and rebels. And because you shall have no doubt hereof, I, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to do this thing.'" The Dauphin's oath runs thus in the old *King John*:—

> "There 's not an English traitor of them all,
> John once despatch'd, and I fair England's king,
> Shall on his shoulders bear his head one day,
> But I will crop it for their guilt's desert."

Scene V.

10, 11. *the English lords*, etc.:—"Magna Charta," observes Lloyd, "is omitted in the play, and the obtaining of it from the reluctant and speedily recusant John was in fact, as regards the leading movement of the reign, an episode, and omitted of necessity. The struggle that Magna Charta symbolizes awaited still its grandest manifestation when Shakespeare lived and wrote. . . . Still the genius of Magna Charta is infused into the play, and in the concession which John is forced to make to the barons in the interest of humanity and conciliation of his subjects, we recognize the seal of the cause of justice against arbitrary administration."

Scene VI.

23. *The king, I fear, is poison'd,* etc.:—Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this story. Thomas Wykes is the first who mentions it. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. The following account is given by Holinshed from Caxton: "After he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, showed himself greatly displeased therewith, and said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppressions of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time."

Scene VII.

26, 27. *To set a form,* etc.:—Compare with Ovid's description of Chaos (*Metamorphoses,* i.) "Quem dixere Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles."

64. *Devoured by the unexpected flood*:—This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

64. [*The King dies.*] "The tragic Poet," says Verplanck, "has here brought the death of John into immediate contact with his most atrocious crime, as the natural sequence and just retribution of his guilt towards young Arthur. The matter-of-fact commentators complain, with Mr. Courtenay (*Commentaries on Shakespeare's Historical Plays*), that here is a long interval leaped over at once in which 'foreign and cruel wars had raged with varied success, and *one* event had happened of which, although it is that by which we now chiefly remember King John, no notice is taken whatever. This is no other than the signature of *Magna Charta.*' The plain answer to this is, that the Poet's design was not to turn the chronicle of John's reign into dramatic dialogue, but to produce from the materials an historical tragedy; for which purpose Constance, Arthur, and the half-fictitious Faulconbridge afforded more suitable materials for his imagination than *Magna Charta,* and the political rights of Englishmen ac-

quired under it. By the selection he made he was naturally led to the exhibition of female character as intense, as passionate, and as overflowing with feeling, and with the most eloquent expression, as his own Juliet, but with the same all-absorbing affection transferred from the lover to an only child. On the other hand, had he chosen the great political question for the turning-point of interest in his drama—and if touched on at all it must have been made the main and central point of the action—it would have required all the Poet's skill to have avoided the too literal but unpoetical truth which Canning has so drolly ridiculed in his mock-German play, when one of the exiled Barons informs the other that:—

> 'The charter of our liberties receiv'd
> The royal signature at five o'clock,
> When messengers were instantly dispatch'd
> To cardinal Pandulph, and their Majesties,
> After partaking of a cold collation,
> Return'd to Windsor.'"

Knight on this point has these discriminating remarks: "The interval of fourteen years, between the death of Arthur and the death of John, is annihilated. Causes and consequences, separated in the proper history by long digressions and tedious episodes, are brought together. The attributed murder of Arthur lost John all the inheritances of the house of Anjou, and allowed the house of Capet to triumph in his overthrow. Out of this grew a larger ambition, and England was invaded. The death of Arthur, and the events which marked the last days of John, were separated in their cause and effect by time only, over which the Poet leaps. . . . It is the poet's office to preserve a unity of action; it is the historian's to show a consistency of progress. In the chroniclers we have manifold changes of fortune in the life of John, after Arthur of Brittany has fallen. In Shakespeare, Arthur of Brittany is at once revenged."

99. *At Worcester must his body be interr'd*:—A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered under the pavement of the choir in the Cathedral of Worcester in 1797. The effigy, supposed to be the original cover of the coffin, is also the earliest sculpture of a sovereign now to be seen in England.

111. *Since it hath been*, etc.:—Seeing that previously we have had enough of grief, let us not now give way to sorrow beyond what is necessary.

Questions on King John.

1. What is the approximate date of the composition of *King John*? When was it first printed?

2. In what respects does it differ from the earlier play, *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*?

ACT FIRST.

3. Who occupy the stage at the opening of the first Scene? Why was it necessary to open this play with the principals in the action?

4. Explain the keynote, *borrowed majesty*. What is the claim of Philip of France?

5. How does Elinor explain the cause of the French demands? In this does she understand Constance? If you decide that Elinor's charge against Constance of being *ambitious* is a dramatic device employed in depicting Elinor's character, is it good art to strike a false note and establish a prepossession concerning a character not yet introduced to speak for herself?

6. How does John regard his own relation to the sovereignty? Does his mother show the clearer brain?

7. What dispute is brought to John to settle? What is the temper of Faulconbridge? Who first detects the paternity of Faulconbridge?

8. How is the dispute settled?

ACT SECOND.

9. With what purpose does the Duke of Austria assume a part in the action?

10. With what speech does Arthur first appear in the play? What does Constance first say? What traits does she show?

11. What are King Philip's protestations? Who urges a stay until the messenger arrives from England.

12. What is Chatillon's announcement? In what spirit is it couched?

13. How is the demand of the French king answered by King John?

14. How are Elinor and Constance brought into the dispute? Characterize the bearing of each.

15. Why does a quarrel break out between Austria and the Bastard.

16. What English possessions in France does the French king demand of John in behalf of Arthur?

17. What appeal is made to the citizens of Angiers, and how is it answered? What is the dramatic effect of the sallies of the Bastard?

18. What was the result of the fight? What second answer comes from the citizens of Angiers?

19. To what course does the Bastard (Sc. i., lines 350-360) urge the two kings? What was his purpose in recommending the sack of the town?

20. What is the recommendation of the First Citizen? What motives lead the two kings to adopt it?

21. What is the Bastard's feeling about Arthur's rights? In his survey of the act of the French king, how is he led to consider his own individual case? Was it the conflict between his sense of justice and the anomalies of his position that led him to commit himself to the worship of *commodity*?

22. Do his subsequent acts prove him here to be indulging in self-slander?

ACT THIRD.

23. Quote the line in the preceding Act where Sc. i. is foreshadowed.

24. Characterize the emotional state of Constance at the opening of this Act.

25. What is Arthur's attitude towards his mother?

26. What is the dramatic purpose of lines 110, 111?

27. What was signified by the *lion's hide*?

28. Upon what mission does Pandulph come?

29. What motive led John to defy the pope and suffer excommunication?

30. Estimate the character of the French king. Why did he withdraw from the agreement with John?

31. What bearing has this scene of broken oaths and broken vows upon the main theme of the plot?

32. What is the Bastard's comment upon the scene? What points of resemblance are there between him and Enobarbus of *Antony and Cleopatra*?

33. What is effected by Sc. ii.?

34. What is foreshadowed by line 5, Sc. iii.?

35. On what mission is the Bastard sent to England in advance of the king?

36. How does John convey his wishes to Hubert concerning Arthur?

37. What point in the drama does Sc. iii. mark?

38. How does Sc. iv. exhibit Constance?

39. Does this lament of Constance reveal any hint of disappointed ambition?

40. How is the enveloping atmosphere of the play shown in the effect of the events of the times upon Lewis the Dauphin?

41. What type of character is shown in Pandulph?

42. Is political shrewdness shown in his forecasting the events of the future?

ACT FOURTH.

43. What aspects of Arthur has the play hitherto presented? What are added by Sc. i.? How old do you take him to be?

44. What is the emotional appeal of this Scene? Does the Scene increase or lessen the sense of the tragic future awaiting Arthur?

45. Was it a bad policy in John to demand a second coronation? What effect had his act upon the nobles?

46. What request does Pembroke make of John? How does Sc. ii. reveal the dramatic purpose of Hubert's yielding to Arthur's pleadings?

47. What is John's reflection after the lords quit the scene?

48. What messages from France arrive?

49. How does the Bastard bear himself towards John? What is the condition of the lower classes?

50. How does John show his moral cowardice in his scene with Hubert?

51. What led Arthur to attempt escape? Is his death-scene dramatically impressive?

Questions

52. Show how the pathos of his life is impressed by the action of the nobles.

53. Does Hubert clear himself from suspicion even by his protestations?

54. How does the Bastard comment upon the times in speaking of the death of Arthur?

ACT FIFTH.

55. What act of John does Sc. i. present?

56. How does the Bastard again urge the king to action? What phase of cowardice does John show?

57. How does Lewis meet the demands of Pandulph? How those of the Bastard?

58. In what condition does Sc. iii. show the king? What has happened to the French?

59. How did the king come to his death? What became of the revolted nobles?

60. Comment on the part the Bastard plays in these closing scenes.

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61. In this play how is the note of nationality sounded? How is England shown to be greater than its king?

62. John is among Shakespeare's portraits of weak kings: wherein does he differ from Richard II. and Henry VI.?

63. What is the turning-point of his career?

64. What would you argue from Shakespeare's modification of the violent anti-papal spirit of the earlier play?

65. What are some of the unhistorical assumptions of this play—especially those relating to Arthur and Constance?

66. Why did Shakespeare disregard the Magna Charta episode of John's reign?

67. Estimate the character of the Bastard. Contrast him with Edmund in *King Lear*.